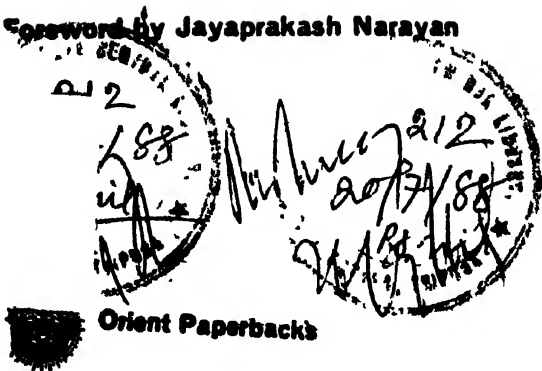


Autobiography of Baidshah Khan
narrated to K. B. Narang

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MY LIFE AND STRUGGLE

Foreword by Jayaprakash Narayan



Orient Paperbacks

My Life and Struggle

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***Translated by*
Helen H. Bouman**

Foreword

This is an invaluable work. Of course there have already been published several biographies of Badshah Khan. The first in the field was the book by Shri Pyare Lal. Then came the biography in English written by Shri Tendulkar. Recently Shri Joshi published a biography of Badshah Khan in Marathi. The present work, however, is the autobiography of the 'Frontier Gandhi'. Biographies written by others, can be several, but there can be only one autobiography. And when it is the own story of a seeker of truth, it becomes unique because of its authoritativeness.

Badshah Khan was one of the leading Generals of undivided India's freedom struggle. Because of his heroism and his devotion to non-violence the Indian people had conferred upon him the title of 'Frontier Gandhi'. While those of that generation who are still with us are aware of the important contributions made by Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, for the people of the new generation he is a distant, historical figure whose image has become dim. If they can have some acquaintance with that extraordinary character, some glimpse of that shining light, they will automatically move from darkness towards light.

The publication of this book at any time would have been an important event. Because of a special reason its publication at this time has become still more significant. Readers may be aware that a committee has been set up in the country to organise the birthday celebration of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan and I have the good fortune of being its chairman. The main objective

of this committee is to invite Badshah Khan to visit India during the present Gandhi Centenary year. People will be glad to know that Badshah Khan has accepted our invitation.

Thus the publication of this book at a time when the Indian people are going to see Badshah Khan face to face is very timely and useful for the country. To begin with the book will be published in Hindi, Urdu and English. I do hope that there will be no one among the educated community who will not read this autobiography on this auspicious occasion.

At the end, congratulations to Kanwar Bhan Narang and Ram Saran Nagina and to the Gandhi Samarak Nidhi because of whose devotion, dedication and hard work this unique book is being presented to the public.

New Delhi

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN

Grateful thanks are due to Miss Mridula Sarabhai for her gracious cooperation in completing this work.

—K. B. Narang

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My Childhood

I was born in the house of Khan Bahram Khan in the village of Utmanzai, in Hastanagar, now famous as Hashtanaghar.

In those days it was not the custom in our families to keep a record of the date and year of the birth of one's children. Besides, very few people knew how to read and write. Therefore, there is no record of the date and year of my birth. But I have good reason to believe that I was born in 1890, because my mother used to tell me that my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, was married when I was eleven years old. He was married in 1901, so I think it is correct to say that I was born in 1890.

My father was one of the great Khans—chieftains or rulers—of his village, but he had none of the arrogance and vanity of chieftainship. He was extremely even-tempered, God-fearing, sober, generous, compassionate and of noble character. In any feud he would always protect the oppressed. If anybody wronged him, he

never tried to take revenge. On the contrary, he would forgive the wrong-doer and overlook what he had done.

My mother, too, was most generous and liberal by nature. She used to prepare food for the poor people of the neighbourhood, and distribute it herself.

Sometimes travellers came to stay in the *Hujra** and we did not always know who they were. But whether they were casual travellers or our own guests, my father always carried their meals to their rooms himself. Though we had servants, my father, carrying the basket of bread on his head and the plate of curry in his hand, would go to the traveller's or the guest's room and serve food with his own hands.

"For," my father always said, "the unknown traveller is also a guest, sent to us by God, and therefore I must serve him myself."

Unlike the other Khans, my father was no admirer of the Government. He never established any relations with the ruling powers and the thought of offering them service or flattery never occurred to him.

My grandfather, Saif-ullah Khan, lived by the same principles. At the time when fighting had broken out in Surkawe, and the British wanted to take possession of Bonair, some of the Khans of our country were giving them help and support. But my grandfather, Saifullah Khan, chose the side of his oppressed countrymen and cast his lot with the heroic fighters who were opposing the foreign rulers. Whenever and wherever the British were fighting, attacking our people, or trying to make them their slaves, my grandfather always stood firmly on the side of his countrymen and fought shoulder to

* Common guest house for travellers either in the village or in the mosque. Most Khans have their own *Hujras*.

shoulder with those who were suffering under the oppression of the foreign power.

My great-grandfather, Abaidullah Khan, was famous, powerful, and well-loved as a guide and adviser to his people. Because of his enlightened mind, and his fervent patriotism, he was put to death at the hands of Durrani, who was the ruler of our country at that time.

When, after the Durrani, British rule was established, our country was annexed to Punjab.

The British had opened many schools in Punjab, but in our country no steps had been taken to educate our children.

There was no love lost between the Pathans and the British, neither did the Punjabis have any sympathy for us. The government officials in our country were all Punjabis. There were a few primary schools in the larger villages, but hardly any Pathan teacher.

In the schools which the British had opened in all parts of India, children received education in their respective mother tongues. But ours was the only unfortunate country where no arrangements for education were made, and in the few schools that existed the children were taught in a language which was not their own.

It was a matter of great regret that though the British had established a few schools for our children, they had also left amidst us very orthodox *mullahs**, who were held in reverence by the people, and who pronounced anyone studying in these schools an unbeliever! They made propaganda against the schools, saying:

“Parents who send their children to these schools, do so only for the sake of money. There will be no place

* One learned in Muslim theology* and law.

in Heaven for any pupils of these schools; they will be thrown into Hell!"

The real purpose of this propaganda was to keep the Pathans illiterate and uneducated, and this was the reason that, with regard to education, the Pathans were most backward in India.

There was no other way for the Pathan children to receive education. In the mosques pupils were taught to some extent, in the name of religion. But the instruction was given by the *mullahs*, and those who took advantage of it mostly did so in order to become *imams**. But the common people were not interested in this kind of education. Because before the coming of Islam our people had been Hindus, and the misconception that "education is only for the Brahmins" still prevailed in our society. The result of this was that we created divisions amongst ourselves, very much like the Hindu caste system.

Though my father had not received any formal education himself, he loved knowledge and learning, and took a great interest in it. I was only five years old when I was sent to the mosque to be instructed by the *mullah*. The poor *mullah*, however, was devoid of learning and practically illiterate, so how could he be expected to teach me the art of reading and writing? He knew some *surahs* of the Holy Koran by heart. He was even able to read the Holy Koran. But I very much doubt whether he understood one word of it!

The *mullah* began to teach me the thirty chapters of the Holy Koran. On the day when I started reciting the Koran my father and mother distributed sweets. They were very happy that my education had begun.

* Muslim priest

The funny thing was that the *mullah* was not really competent to teach me as much as the A B C even. Yet he started teaching me the Koran. How could he, who could himself not recite half the alphabet, be expected to teach me the Koran? Yet, the poor *mullah* was not to be blamed, for he only followed the method of teaching that was prevalent in our country at that time.

Our teacher was very cruel and he used to beat us mercilessly. After some time I had learned the whole Koran by heart. My father and mother were very happy and rejoiced at my completing this holy task.

The Pathans were very keen on education and most of them did send their children to the mosques for instruction, because no other schools were available, and also because they were not familiar with any other kind of learning. And supposing there had been schools in any of the big towns, the *mullahs* would not have allowed parents to send their children there, for they insisted that all this worldly learning was *kufir*—against religion! They reminded their pupils and other illiterate folk of the verse that was fast becoming a hit and could be heard in all the streets and market places :

*"Sabaq de madrase wai para de paise wai
Jannat ke bai zai navi dozakh ke, bai ghase wahi"*

"Those who learn in schools,
They are none but money's tools,
In Heaven they will never dwell,
They will surely go to hell."

Fortunately for me God had blessed me with a brave and broad-minded father and a saintly and loving

mother, both of whom ignored the *mullah's* condemnation and took no notice of what the neighbours said. They sent my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb to school, and as far as I know he was the first boy in Hashtanaghar to be educated in a school. When I had finished studying the Holy Koran my parents sent me to school too. I was eight years old then. The *mullahs* secretly tried to spread slander against my parents, but they did not have the courage to forbid me going to school, nor did they dare to call my parents unbelievers. My father was an influential and respected Khan and therefore the *mullahs* could not openly speak against him.

Our Cultural Heritage

IT fills my heart with sadness to think that our country which, at different periods in history, was the cradle of learning and culture could, under unfavourable circumstances, and because of the ignorance of the *mullahs*, sink into a state where there was no room left for such good work as education and learning.

Our country has seen many cultures come and go. There was a time when she was the cradle of Aryan civilisation. Then the Buddha came and preached his gospel. When Buddhism was spreading, our country made great progress, evidence of which can be found in the relics of that age. Even today two magnificent statues of Gautama the Buddha can be seen in Bamian. They are probably the largest statues of Buddha in the world. Standing at the foot of the mountain, carved out of the rock, they present an unparalleled example of the perfection in the art of sculpture. In the mountainside around these giant statues there are caves

where the Buddhist priests, monks, spiritual preceptors and their disciples used to live.

There was also a great Buddhist university at Ada, near Jalalabad, the ruins of which can still be seen. There was another university at Taxila. The ruins of buildings, the remains of idols and images, carved with delicate skill in wood and stone, are the evidence of a highly developed culture of the Pathans at that time. Our country had progressed to such an extent that we were able to reach out as far as China and the Far East in order to spread our culture and the message of Buddha.

Only a few years ago, the Archaeological Department started excavations near our village. A large town was dug out, which, it is said, was the centre of the Gandhara Shahi family. And if we delve into the pages of history a little deeper we shall find that this country of the Pathans—which was known as Afghanistan or Pakhtunistan at that time—was the cradle of one of the greatest families of mankind. Historians have found evidence that the Aryan race first saw the light of the day in this country, on the banks of the river Amu, and that it was on this very soil that their lofty culture first flourished.

Later, when the population increased, the need for new pastures was felt and people gradually migrated to other countries. In one direction this migration took them through Iran into Europe and in the other direction into Hindustan. And thus they were divided into different nations and communities. Under different geographical conditions the fundamental national characteristics of the Aryans changed and new cultures and new languages came into existence. But when the people of the Aryan race lived in their original

land 'Aryana-Varj'—which is now Afghanistan and Pakhtunistan*—they had a common language, which has now been given the hypothetical name of Aryan language. Pashtu is very close to this Aryan language.

Because the Pathans lived in very high and inaccessible mountainous regions, and were cut off from outside influences, this country was called 'Aryana-Varj'.

It was here, in the same Aryana-Varj that the first prophet in history, Zoroaster was born. As far as is known, he was a native of Balkh but later he went to Iran. In his books, which can be read even today, he sang the glories of Balkh.

It was also here that the songs of the Vedas, the holy hymns of the Hindus, were composed.

Another great son of this country was Pannini, who wrote a Sanskrit grammar and thus acquainted the world with this ancient language. Pannini was a resident of what is now the tehsil of Swabi, on the bank of the Indus. It is interesting to note that the name of a river: Indus, the name of a country: Sindh, and the name of a people: Hindu, are all derived from a Pashtu word, Sind, which means river.

Of the huge family of the Aryans, after many had left during the great migration, only two branches remained, the Pakhtuns and the Baluchs. Into their hands God has given the sacred task of looking after the safety, and the progress of their country.

Later Islam came to this country. By that time the Arabs had lost much of their spiritual light, the divine fire and the piety which the Prophet of Islam had poured into their hearts, and which great men like Abu Bakar and Omar had propagated. The Arabs were intoxi-

*The area comprising of the former N.W.F.P. upto Attock and Jhelum tribal territories, political agencies, states and Baluchistan.

cated with the idea of extending their Empire, and blinded by the desire to conquer other countries. The result was that our splendid culture was taken away from us, but they did not give us, in its place, the true spirit of Islam. There were, however, some lovers of learning and seekers of God wandering through the Islamic world in search of the real Islam, who acquired scholarship in Islamic philosophy, learning, and mysticism. Of this we can be truly proud.

Career Versus Patriotism

I received my primary education at the Municipal Board High School in Peshawar. Afterwards I went to the Mission School. A little later my brother finished his course of study at this school and went to Bombay to study medicine. I stayed at the Mission School with Barani Kaka, my servant.

Barani Kaka often told me stories about the Army and impressed upon me what a good and honourable thing it was to be a soldier. He used to paint glamorous pictures of young officers, dressed in splendid uniforms and flourishing their swords, marching at the head of their companies. Barani Kaka's thrilling stories had such an effect upon me that I developed a strong desire to join the army. Without consulting my parents or asking for their consent I sent an application to the Commander-in-Chief of India for a direct commission and waited for the reply. This was to take some time as, of course, the Government had to make enquiries about me.

Meanwhile I had been promoted from the ninth to the tenth class at the school. I was halfway through the Matriculation examination when I received an official letter saying that my request for a direct commission had been granted and that I was to report at the recruiting office at ten o'clock the next morning.

I was very happy, because in those days getting a direct commission made one a very important person. In my exultation I did not bother to finish the examination. I duly presented myself before the Recruiting Officer, and after I had been examined, my name was enrolled for direct commission. A regiment of cavalry and infantry, known as "The Guides" was stationed at Mardan. It was one of the most famous and highly acclaimed regiments in India. Admission into it was not easy and even rich and influential families found it difficult to get their sons enlisted in this regiment. About twenty of the boys were from good Punjabi families.

I was selected for a direct commission in this regiment because I was a very handsome young man. I was 6 ft. 3 in. tall and almost a matriculate. These were the reasons why the British officers liked me and wanted me to join the regiment. My father not only gave his consent but he was delighted at my good fortune.

One day I had gone to Peshawar to see a friend of mine who was a cavalry officer in this regiment, and we were standing and talking in the street when an English lieutenant passed by. My friend was bare-headed. He sported a fashionable haircut and a thick mop of hair adorned his forehead. When the English lieutenant saw this he became furious and cried: "Really! You damn Sardar Sahab! So you want to be an Englishman, do you?" My friend turned deadly

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pale but he did not have the courage to reply.

This incident left a very deep impression on me. Had not Barani Kaka always told me of the respect one was treated with in the Army? But here I had witnessed the worst possible insult. On that day I gave up the idea of joining the Army or seeking any employment with the British.

My father was rather annoyed with me and did not approve of my decision because obtaining a direct commission was considered a great honour in those days. But I could not see any honourable aspect of it, neither could I find any evidence of the respect I had been told about. On the contrary, I had witnessed an incident of gross and despicable insult.

As my father was angry with me, I wrote to my brother, who had by now left Bombay and gone to England where he had been admitted into a medical college. I told him that I had changed my mind about being a servant of the British government because it did not give one any respect. In fact, it made one a slave and one risked getting insulted in the bargain.

Dr. Khan Saheb was very happy about my decision. He wrote to my father that he thought I had done the right thing and shown good sense. He begged my father not to be angry with me and not to force me into the Army.

So I applied myself to the studies again. With a companion I went to Campbellpur, where I was admitted to a high school. Unfortunately Campbellpur had a very hot climate which did not agree with me and I had to leave. I then went to Qadian, but I did not like the atmosphere there either. One night I dreamt that I had fallen into a very deep well. I was wondering how to save myself when a man who was passing by

saw the plight I was in and, bending down, stretched out his hand. I grasped it and the man pulled me out of the well. Then he said: "Why did you throw yourself into the well? Did you not see it was there?"

In the morning when I told my companion about the dream he agreed with me that we should leave this place as soon as possible. We both went back to our village, but did not stay there long. Soon my companion went to Peshawar to take admission in a high school and I proceeded to Aligarh and went to the college. As I could not get accommodation in the hostel, I became a day scholar and took a room in a hotel in the town. I used to spend the day at the college and return to the hotel in the evening. When the summer vacation began I went back to my village for the holidays.

Upon my arrival at home I learned that my father had received a letter from my brother in England, in which he suggested that I should go to England to study engineering.

"I will continue my medical studies," he wrote, "and he (meaning me) can go to an engineering college. He will do well because he has always been good at geometry."

My father discussed the proposal with me and after due consideration he decided to send me to London. My brother was informed and he booked my passage on a P. & O. boat. My father very generously gave me Rs. 3,000 and I was ready to go. But when I went to take leave of my mother, and, as is our custom, asked her, "may I go, *Ma*?" she began to cry and would not let me go. I did my utmost to explain to her that I had to go, but I could not make her understand.

I said to her: "Just look at our country, *Ma*... The British have sown the seeds of dissension, of factionalism,

of hypocrisy among our people. Innocent people are dragged to the courts and people who have committed no crime are put to death! And because of the disunity and the envy among the faction-minded elements, sinners often go scotfree, while innocent people are thrown into the prison. No body's life is safe here!"

But whatever I said, my mother would not agree to my going. People had told her, and this idea was now firmly fixed in her mind, that *vilayat* was the kind of foreign country from where nobody ever returned.

"One of your sons has gone there already," people had warned her, "if you now allow your second son also to go, you will be left alone and who will look after you in your old age?"

There were only two of us, we had no other brother. One she had already lost, and, therefore, she would not allow me to leave her. I loved my mother very much, and she was extremely fond of me. How could I go to England without her consent? So I gave up the idea of going abroad and decided that henceforth I would devote myself to the service of my country and my people—the service of God and humanity.

Education, Orthodoxy and Slavery

IN 1901 the British separated our province from Punjab and they introduced new and brutal laws in our province, laws such as not even Halako Khan would have enforced on the people. This law was called the Frontier Crimes Regulation Act. It was such a brutal and savage Act—we called it the black law—and the British used it in such an atrocious manner that it created communalism, disharmony and mutual enmity among the Pathans. No longer did they live together in harmony and unity. Besides, this uncivilized Act did great damage to our self-respect and honour. Even our women were sometimes arrested and taken to the court. Under this obnoxious law the police could start a fictitious case against anyone the British happened to dislike. No proof or evidence was necessary.

Of course the man would be brought before the *jirga**, but it was not a people's *jirga*. The British had created

* Assembly of elders.

their own *jirgas*, of their own people, and a man could be sentenced to twelve or fourteen years in jail without any right of appeal.

For example, there was the case of Habib Nur. When in 1931 the British were putting great pressure on the Congress movement and persecuting the "Khudai Khidmatgars" (Servants of God) at Charsadda, Habib Nur was greatly agitated. When the British Assistant Commissioner in Charsadda began to hear cases in court, Habib Nur also went there. He took a revolver with him, with the intention of sending the Assistant Commissioner to hell. But, when he pulled the trigger the revolver did not go off. Habib Nur thereupon lifted the Assistant Commissioner off his feet and dashed him to the ground, saying: "All right, I can't kill you, but I can at least bring you to your knees!" Of course the police came and arrested him. Within twenty-four hours he was hanged. I only mention this as an example. There were innumerable cases like this, and many suffered worse violence and injustice.

There was another section of this Act, known as Section 40. This Section 40 was supposedly concerned with the punishment of crimes, but the British always used it against political prisoners.

And leave alone the British, Pakistan is using this Act against patriotic Pathans even today. A man may be walking along the road, minding his own business. Suddenly he may be stopped and asked to furnish security. Naturally he would ask what offence had he committed. He would be told: "Never mind about that, just pay the security!" And if he refuses, he will be sent to jail for 3 years!

I and thousands of my fellow-workers were put in the prison under this Section 40.

These tyrannical and unjust laws were introduced in 1901, when the British also separated our province from Punjab. The reason was that the anti-British Pathans had begun to look upon "those foreigners" (the British) as their enemies, who were forcing them into slavery. A strong and violent opposition movement had sprung up among the Pathans, and whenever and wherever they encountered an Englishman, they tried to harm or kill him. Many Britishers lost their lives in this way and the British Government retaliated by sending many Pathans to the gallows. The whole purpose and design behind the creation of the new province and the promulgation of black laws was to stamp out the opposition movement.

The *mullahs* and the elders in our country were puppets in the hands of the British and they continued to forbid people from having their children educated. The British had implanted this idea into their minds that if the Pathans were to become educated and start thinking for themselves, the *mullahs* would lose their business. And there would be no more donations of money for them.

I tried to explain things to the *mullahs*, but they could not and would not understand. I told them: "Look here, Islam teaches that it is the duty of every man to acquire knowledge and wisdom. By all means tell people not to send their children to British schools. But then also tell them to build schools of their own where their children can be educated. That would be a service to the country. But as long as the people are unable to build national schools, their children should go to British schools, rather than remain ignorant and uneducated."

But the *mullahs* were not willing to follow my advice.

One day—it was in the summer—I was in Murree. A

mullah was staying with me as my guest. In the evening we went out for a walk. As we were strolling down the road, we came upon a very nice bungalow. I stopped and said : "Mullah Saheb, take a look at that bungalow. What do you think of it?"

"It is a very beautiful house," he replied, "I like it very much!"

"Just look at the garden, look at the flowers. And look at the man who lives here. Do you know who he is?"

"I don't know," the *mullah* said, "who is he?"

"He is an English *mullah*!" I told him. "You see, Mullah Saheb, if a country makes progress and prospers, its priests can also live well. In a country where people can afford to live in bungalows like this and travel around in motorcars, the priests can also live in beautiful houses and go about in motorcars. But as long as our country does not make progress and the people remain ignorant, our *mullahs* will never be able to live in better conditions, they will remain in the same miserable state they are in now. Please remember this, Mullah Saheb, if the country makes progress, you will also benefit. But we remain ignorant and do not improve ourselves and our circumstances, you will share our lot. Your hands will remain empty and you will have to go begging from door to door for your stipend. Compare your life to the life of the English priest. What a difference!"

But my words were wasted on the *mullah*. If God Himself could not make him understand, what could I do?

I was educated in a Mission school and my teachers were padres (missionaries). Many of my friends and companions went to the Islamia School at Peshawar. While in school there awoke in my heart a great love for

my country and my people and a strong desire to serve my country and my community. But my friends who went to different schools did not seem to have that surging love for their country, nor any desire to serve her. I gave this question a great deal of thought, and I came to the conclusion that the credit must go to those teachers, under whose guidance it was my privilege to study. A pupil is bound to be influenced by his teachers, and it was the example of my teachers that inspired in me the desire to serve God and humanity.

My teacher was a British padre, Mr. E.F.E. Wigram. He had a brother, who was a doctor. It was said that they were the beloved sons of very distinguished parents and that their father had dedicated both brothers to the Mission, and that he paid their salaries from his own pocket. The elder brother was the headmaster of the Mission High School and the younger was a doctor in the Mission Hospital. They served the people with sincerity and love, as I could witness, because I was then living in the hostel, which was close to their bungalow. At that time the hostel was in the same place where the Mission College building stands now.

Our headmaster, Mr. Wigram, used to give scholarships to three or four poor or orphaned students from his own salary. These things impressed me very much and I said to myself: "Look at us, Muslim Pathans, we don't have enough sympathy to help or serve our poor needy brothers! And these people are foreigners, they belong to a different nation and a different faith, yet they have come here to serve our people. What sympathy and love for humanity they must have!"

There is a Persian proverb, "Kharbuza ra kharbuza dida rang me girad", which means, when a melon sees another melon, it takes on its colour. So,

the colour of service and dedication that I saw in Mr. Wigram and his brother, must have fallen on me, too.

I would have loved to go to England and study among the devoted and sincere people like them. But as my mother would not give me permission to go, I had to give up the idea, and it was then that I vowed to dedicate my life to the service of God and humanity.

I was well aware that the illiteracy and the ignorance of my people could only lead them to ruin and destruction. Therefore my first task, as I saw it, would be to try to eliminate illiteracy.

No help was expected from the *mullahs*. So a few friends and I got together to discuss what could be done to light the lamp of knowledge in the dark world of ignorance our people were living in. We found a great and valuable helper in Haji Saheb of Tarangzai.*

The Haji Saheb was a real patriot and a great saint. Under his guardianship we founded a *dar-ul-ilm*, a college, in Gadar, of which Maulvi Taj Mohammed became the incharge. He was assisted by Maulvi Faz'l Mohammed Rabi and Maulvi Faz'l Mohammed Makhfi.

In 1910, I and Maulvi Abdul Aziz opened a national Islamic school in Utmanzai. Through our continued efforts many schools were opened all over the province. Large numbers of students were admitted and people

* Haji Saheb's main interest was in social reforms. He wanted to see outdated and useless traditions disappear. He wanted to found Islamic schools and struggled to achieve this. The British arrested him but when they saw how angry this made his followers, they released him. To be able to fight the British he left his own district and fought for the freedom of the country till the end of his life. An Englishman said of him: "To have let Haji Saheb of Tarangzai slip through our fingers was the first and the greatest blunder we made in India."

began to take more and more interest in education.

At the time Zafar Ali Khan's newspaper *Tamindar* and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad's *Al Hilal* and other papers like *Medina* were beginning to gain great popularity, and we also subscribed to them.

We not only read them avidly ourselves, but also read them out to others. In those days people were not in the habit of reading newspapers, but as we told them about the papers and read them out to them, people became more and more interested.

The police and the C.I.D. knew and blacklisted the names of all subscribers to *Al Hilal*.

Several boys from our province were studying at Deoband and Maulvi Faz'l Rabi and Maulvi Faz'l Mohammed Makhfi had very close relations with Deoband. Maulvi Faz'l Rabi himself had been educated at Deoband. Therefore we used to go there off and on.

The principal of the educational institution at Deoband, Mohammed-ul Hasan Saheb was a great scholar. We were soon on very friendly terms with him, because his heart was full of sympathy and love for his country and people, and we too were full of patriotic fervour. His main concern was how to free our country from the foreign slavery and this thought was uppermost in our own minds too.

Through him we also met Maulana Ubeid-ullah Sindhi* and were able to exchange thoughts and ideas with him. At that time the Maulana Saheb was lecturing on the Holy Quran to young English-educated students at Fatehpuri. He used to give Rs. 50 to every student

* Maulana Ubeid-ullah Sindhi was a great revolutionary leader. During the British rule he spent most of his time organising revolutionary groups. He spent the last years of his life in Lahore, and even in his old age he remained young at heart.

who passed B.A. examination. For, he reasoned, "how can these young people who are getting an English education ever develop any love for their country and their religion, or feel emotionally committed to their people and their faith, unless they learn about their religion?" Maulana Saheb's intentions were laudable and he worked at his project with unflagging zeal and devotion, but, alas, he was not successful.

The saddest thing of all was that one of the Maulana's best pupils, over whose education he had taken great pains and spent a great deal of time, turned out to be a spy and an informer. For the sake of a few miserable coins he used to report to the Government on everything that had been discussed in the class.

Just think! If the educated youths of a country become so money-minded, if in their greed and avarice they can sink so low that they are willing to betray their country and their faith for a few copper coins, how can one ever hope to instil in their hearts a passionate love for their country and a burning desire for service?

The reason why the Muslims ruined themselves was that they began to love wealth and possessions. When these things became important, and they became worshippers of Mammon instead of God, they lost their honour, their dignity and sank into ignominy.

In Fatehpuri I also met Maulvi Saif-ul Rahman, and I got to know him quite well. He was from our district, but he had been a professor at the Arabic College at Fatehpuri for a long time.

In those days the British had succeeded in frightening people who lived in constant fear of the Government repression. But we managed to go to Deoband occasionally, and secretly, for discussions and consultations with our friends and colleagues there.

Pilgrimage to Countryside

IN 1912 my parents found a bride for me and my marriage took place. In 1913 my son, Ghani, was born.

In those days the people in our province did not know much about meetings and demonstrations. And even if the thought had occurred to anyone, nobody would have dared to organize either for the fear of the government. But one day, in 1913, we saw big posters, and announcements of the Muslim League meeting in Agra which was to be presided over by Sir Ibrahim Rehmatullah. Sir Aga Khan and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad were also to take part and address the meeting. I was very keen to attend this meeting. Along with a few friends, I went to Agra. We heard the presidential address and the lectures by Sir Aga Khan and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. We found the meeting extremely interesting and instructive.

From Agra I went to Delhi, where I spent a few days with a nephew of Maulvi Faz'l-ul Rehman. While I

was there I fell ill. So I returned home.

In 1914 I received a letter from Sheikh-ul Hasan, requesting me to go to Deoband immediately. Maulvi Faz'l Mohammed, Maulvi Faz'l Rabi and I left at once. In Deoband we found the Maulvi Saheb of Degar also waiting for us.

We spent several hours discussing the question that was uppermost in our mind : the freedom of India. We considered the possibility of opening a centre from where we could work and start the struggle for independence.

There had been a supposedly strong centre of crusaders in the independent territories of Boner. In actual fact these crusaders had no strength, and the people who ran the centre were useless. They did not make any propaganda, or did any work at all. They were only a small group. They used to receive money from India with which they used to enjoy themselves.

There was one rich man among them, one Naghmatullah. He was from our province. He was hand in glove with one of the top officers in the secret police, whose name was Short. There were, in fact, quite a few spies in this group.

These people had originally come from the plains of India to fight against the Sikhs. After their leaders, Sayyid Ahmed Saheb and Sayyid Ishmail Saheb Shaheed, had lost their lives in the fight, the rest of them had gone to Boner and settled down in this independent district.

When the people in India found out the true state of affairs, and realised that these crusaders were of no use at all, it was felt that a new centre should be established. After long discussions we decided that I and Faz'l Mohammed Saheb should go to Bajaur and select a safe and suitable place to start a centre. Maulvi Ubeid-

ulah Sindhi was to come and inspect the place we selected and give his final approval.

A few days later Maulvi Faz'ı Mohammed and I secretly left for Bajaur. We took the train at Takhtbai and got down at Dargai. From there we took a tonga. When we reached the entrance into Malakand, we became a little worried, for we saw that police guards had been posted there. They were questioning and searching everyone, whether on foot or driving, and if there was the slightest suspicion on anyone, he was arrested.

It was not easy to conceal my height and appearance, and, sitting in the back of the tonga, I was nervously wondering how I would be able to pass the police unnoticed. All that I could do was to wrap myself in my *chaddar**.

The tonga had to stop when we came to the police post, and one of the guards approached to see who was inside. It was evening and was getting dark. My companion had got down the tonga.

The tonga driver discreetly said, "Sir, there is nobody in the tonga."

The guard, however, wanted to see for himself and he approached the tonga. He looked me up and down, and then told the tonga driver to go ahead. I was greatly relieved.

We drove on as far as Butkhail, where we got down. It was very late by now and we spent the night in the village.

Very early the next morning, when the first call to prayer rang out over the village, we set out on our journey. We were crossing over the Chakdara bridge when we found that there was a police post too, but we got past

* Sheet of cloth.

without any difficulty. We walked all the day. In the evening we came to the bank of a river. Faz'l Mohammed's village was on the opposite bank. It was winter and the river was almost dry, so we were able to walk across and reach the village. We were very hungry and tired and as soon as we had taken our food we fell asleep and had a long night's rest, which we badly needed.

The next day Faz'l Mohammed stayed behind to wait for Ubeid-ullah Sindhi but he asked his cousin to accompany me. The two of us started for Bajaur. We were now in the district of Dir. We first went to Babarah and then to Chamarkand where we went to the house of the Mullah Saheb of Ada, only to find that he had passed away. But one of his Sheikhs was there, who was a very fine man. He showed us Ada Saheb's bedroom and dining room. This was a very small but very beautiful place in the mountain and nobody else lived there, except the Sheikh. He had a small house and he kept honeybees too.

We spent the night with the Sheikh and in the morning we took leave of him and went to Kotki. There were two Khans in Kotki, Zaghrwar Khan and Zirawar Khan. They were both very good men. Whenever the British made a raid, they always took part in the counter-attacks.

From there we went into Salarzai territory and then into Mohmand territory. These were two independent districts in Bajaur. The people here were very fine Pakhtuns. Unlike other Pakhtun tribes, they had not been influenced by the British at all, neither did they ever accept any money, or allowances, or grants from them. On the contrary, they always joined those who were fighting the British.

We visited almost every village in the whole of this territory. I liked the village of Zagai in the Mohmand territory as a possible choice for our centre, so we stayed there to wait for Maulani Ubeid-ullah Sindhi. We waited for a few days, but when he did not come, I began to fear that my presence there might arouse the suspicion of the local people, and I decided to perform a *chilla*.

There was a very small room in the mosque. I retired there and began the *chilla*. When I had completed it there was still no sign of Ubeid-ullah, so we left. Faz'l Mohammed's cousin came with me as far as Malakand and there we took leave of each other.

The political agent at Malakand had created such fear in the hearts of the people there that even the most respected and self-respecting citizens trembled in their shoes when they encountered an Englishman. They used to salaam and bow to the Britishers from a distance in a most humble and degrading manner. And if anyone became so bold as to pass the Englishman without greeting him, he would be arrested and put into "stocks". "Stocks" is a large wooden frame with holes for the feet and a lid on the top, in which an offender is locked up in a sitting position, his feet sticking out through the holes.

Afraid that this fate might befall me, I left Malakand and went back to Dargai, took a train to Takhtbai, and from there I went to my agricultural farm in Nari village in Mohmand district, where I spent the night. The next day I returned to Utmanzai.

The following morning many people came to welcome me back. That was because, before I left, I had told every

* Meditation and prayer.

body that I was going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the great Sufi Saint Khwaja Moin-uddin Chisti at Ajmer.

Not long after this the First World War broke out in Europe, and we had to abandon our plans for a centre.

Shaikh Mohammed-ul Hasan went on Haj to Mecca. There he was arrested and handed over to the British who put him in prison in Malta, because he was sympathetic to the Turkish Khilafat. Maulvi Ubeid-ullah Sindhi went to Afghanistan. Maulvi Saif-ul Rehman joined Haji Sahib of Turangzai and both went to the independent district of Boner. Also with the Haji Saheb went my colleagues Taj Mohammed Sahib who was the principal of the *Dar-ul-ilm* at Gadar, Maulvi Faz'l Rabi, Malvi Faz'l Mohammed, and Maulvi Abdul Aziz.* A little later I also, secretly, went to Boner.

The people of Boner had given the Haji Saheb a beautiful plot of land and they had even brought timber to build for him a house. But the *mullahs* and the elders in Boner were not very happy at the thought of the Haji Saheb establishing himself there. Since the Haji Saheb arrived the local people had paid a great reverence to him and the felt *mullahs* they were let down. So they started a slander campaign against the Haji Saheb behind his back. They said: "What has he come here for? To wage war against the British, or to feather his own nest?"

The Haji Saheb and his son Badshah Gul were very upset by all this talk, and the Haji Saheb wanted to start the war there and then. I strongly advised him against it. "These people are selfish," I told him.

*Maulvi Abdul Aziz was so hostile to the British that whenever he encountered a Britisher he would close his eyes. The British plotted against him and had him killed at Sawat.

“Don’t take any notice of what they say. Just carry on with your work. As for starting a war, the people are not yet ready to face the British. If you start a war now, you will find that they are incompetent and useless. I have a feeling the *mu’lahs* want to hand you over to the British.”

But the Haji Saheb did not heed my advice, and a few days after I left he did start a fight against the British. But how could he wage war against the British in Boner?

My warning proved to be correct. An effort was made to capture him and hand him over to the British. Fortunately the Haji Saheb found out the plot in time and managed to get away. He left at midnight for Mohmand.

The British did not want the Pathans to be educated. In fact, they did not like our national schools at all, and they had been looking for an excuse and an opportunity to close them down. Now they had both. Not only in Boner, but in the whole of our province the schools were closed down and all the teachers were arrested and taken to the Habitual Jail in Dera Ismail Khan.

The British so much frightened our people that hardly anybody had the courage to speak about our country in terms of admiration or praise, and on the very rare occasions that somebody did, he was almost certain to be put into the prison!

Bereavement and Imprisonment

IN December 1915 my second son, Wali, was born. My eldest son Ghani was about three years old then.

After the first World War an epidemic of influenza raged all over India. My children lost their mother in this epidemic. It happened in a very strange way.

She was in perfect health, but my son Ghani had been struck down by the epidemic, and he was seriously ill. He was unconscious and we had given up hope of his recovery.

It was the time of the evening prayer and I was sitting on my prayer mat. I had finished my *namaz* and was praying for God's blessings. My son was lying on a cot in front of me. His mother came into the room and walked round the cot. Then she stood at the head of the bed. Tears were streaming down her face as she raised her hands towards heaven and humbly began to pray :

"Oh Lord, take this illness away from my innocent

child and let me suffer in his place. Make him well, Oh Lord, and let me be ill in his stead."

And behold, how wonderful are the ways of the Almighty!

We passed the night somehow. In the morning Ghani slowly began to recover, but his mother became ill. When Ghani finally recovered, his mother passed away.

When in 1918 the first World War came to an end, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. But our troubles were by no means over.

In 1919 the agitation over the Rowlatt Act began, and I also took part in it.

A protest meeting against the Rowlatt Act, which was held in our village, was attended by over 100,000 people. The meeting put a new hope in the hearts of the Pathans.

One day a protest meeting was to be held at Tahekal, a locality, near Islamia College, Peshawar, and I was on my way to attend the meeting when I learned that martial law had been declared. The reason was that the British had started the war with Afghanistan and the King of Afghanistan was known to be sympathetic towards the Indian freedom movement.

To escape the martial law which made us rather nervous, I and a few of my companions left for Mohmand, from where we intended to go to Afghanistan. When we arrived at Mohmand after an arduous journey, I found that my father had followed us. He forbade us to go to Afghanistan, and instead took us to his agricultural farm at Mohmand Nari, where we remained in hiding. We visited our homes only at night.

The police, however, found out where we were and they came and arrested me. They took me to Mardan and put me in prison. The following day I was brought

before the Superintendent of Police, who gave orders to put me in fetters. But when they took me back they found that there were no fetters large enough for my feet. But the prison authorities were too afraid of the British not to obey the order. So they forced my feet into a pair of fetters that were too small for me and put me in a motorcar. Accompanied by the Superintendent of Police and the Assistant Commissioner of Mardan I was taken to Peshawar. There I was produced before the Chief Superintendent of Police and, then taken to the cantonment lock-up for the night. The fetters they had put on me were so tight that I could hardly walk. The skin was rubbed off my feet and they were bleeding.

The next morning a Police Inspector—an Afridi—came to my cell and said: "Come along, you have to appear before the court."

I said: "My feet are hurting, I can't walk."

This annoyed him and he shouted: "You were able to walk to your meeting all right, weren't you, but now you can't walk to the court!"

I realized it was no use arguing with him, so I firmly said: "I will not be able to walk. If you bring a tonga I'll go with you, but I cannot go on foot!"

Then the Inspector brought a tonga and I was taken to the court. I was told to sit outside the court-room and wait for my turn, as another prisoner was being dealt with just then. This was a man from my village. He had cut some telegraph wires and for this crime he had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He had been brought to court that day with a special purpose. He had been asked to give evidence that he had cut the telegraph wires at my instigation, and as a reward for giving this fabricated evidence he had been

promised remission of his two-year sentence. But the man had refused to oblige.

When I was taken into the court-room, there were three Britishers in the court instead of the customary one. They began to interrogate me. But what could I reply? All I had done at the meetings was to agree with all the resolutions that were adopted.

One of the Britishers asked me: "Is it not true that you consort with people who are against the Government?"

I replied: "The people I move about with are all your own loyal Khans and Maliks."

When the questions were over they sent me out, while they decided what to do with me.

Actually, the then Chief Commissioner, Sir George Roos Keppel, had a great liking and sympathy for the Pathans. Because he was the chief administrator of the martial law, he had the power to restrict suppression to a minimum.

After an hour's waiting I was taken back to the prison and put in the same barracks where many other Pathans were kept.

One day, quite unexpectedly and to my great surprise, my feeble old father, accompanied by some friends and relations, arrived. He was extremely happy to find me alive, for he had heard rumours that I had been hanged. My father told me that army troops had gone to Utmanzai and surrounded the village. They had collected all the villagers in the school compound and told them to sit down. Then they mounted the guns they had brought and made a great show of loading them. The people naturally thought they were all going to be blown up and they began to say their prayers.

However, not a shot was fired. But the people had

all been frightened to death. And that had been the sole aim and purpose of this British trick.

The troops had also looted the village and one Britisher had taken away a hunting knife from our home.

The Deputy Commissioner imposed a collective fine of Rs. 30,000 on the villagers. Several of the Khans in my village had already been sent to prison. But there was one Khan, Mohammed Omar Khan, who was working hand in glove with the British Government and the police. Now both the police and Mohammed Omar Khan tyrannised the people till they had collected over Rs. 100,000. And they kept 150 people as hostages till the last rupee was paid, and even after the fine had been collected they kept 100 men in prison.

At that time the police were making a tremendous effort to prove that I was connected with the disturbances in Afghanistan. They had even briefed a man called Ahmed Ustad to give evidence against me. But they did not succeed, because Sir George Roos Keppel did not want to start a case against me.

My prison sentence came to an end after six months. I can endure personal misfortune and difficulties and face them bravely. But all these events did great harm to my people, because from now on the Pathans were deeply involved in politics.

I have, until now, experienced martial law twice. The first time was in 1919, when it was imposed by the British. The second time was in 1958, after Pakistan had been created.

Let us take a brief look at both the martial laws, and how they were administered, so that we may get an idea of the different methods employed by these two Governments.

When the British imposed martial law, they were on

the one hand involved in a war in Afghanistan, and on the other they had to deal with the growing disturbances and the violent agitation in our country. To ensure peace and quiet and the smooth running of their administration the British could see no other way but to impose martial law. But it was imposed for only two or three months.

In Pakistan there was peace and quiet. The administration, judiciary and public order were running normally when suddenly martial law was imposed. The purpose was to force upon the country a government of a few individuals, to deprive the people of their democratic rights and to obstruct the elections. The country was under martial law for four years.

Judging by results, the two martial laws had one specific and important point in common.

The British martial law made it clear to the Indian people that the time had come to throw off the yoke of foreign rule. So they intensified their struggle for freedom and in the end the British had to give us our independence and leave the country.

In Pakistan, too, the martial law has made people aware that their Government was not a representative Government, but it was, imposed upon them by tyranny and oppression.

The British could not permanently establish their rule by the use of force and suppression and neither will the Pakistani rulers be able to do so. Their rule will come to an end one day, like British rule came to an end.

Why Were We Arrested

WHEN I came out of prison, I noticed a new zeal and fervour in the people. Wherever people gathered, whether for celebrations or sorrow, the conversation always focussed on the country and the people. They no longer lived in fear, there was a new awakening and enthusiasm. The Khilafat movement had also started with great force and clamour.

The Indians as a people have a peculiar tendency to take a greater interest in other countries than their own. If the Indian Muslims had taken as much interest in their own national movement as they took in the Khilafat movement, they would not have lagged behind the other communities of the world.

On the other hand, the Khilafat movement also did the Indian Muslims a great deal of good, for it made them more organized. Not only in the towns, but even in the villages Khilafat centres were founded. The only regrettable thing was that they could not keep their

organisation going. People had not yet learned how to run their organisations and how to make them strong and firm. And as long as people have not learnt that, no country can hope to create and maintain any kind of order.

The question arises how people can be taught this. I think two things are essential. In the first place, people must have the right faith and a strong belief that they are going the right way. Secondly, they need the right kind of leaders to guide them, to carry the torch of their faith, their religion, and their ideal.

God has sent many great messengers into this world and India has been especially blessed by His bounty. But, remember, if there were not the band of good, holy and selfless people who, for the love of God and His messenger devoted themselves to service, the messenger could not have carried out his mission successfully.

Religion is also a movement. If selfless, undemanding and holy men and women join this movement and dedicate themselves to the service of their country and their people, this movement is bound to be successful. Such people will be a blessing to mankind. Through their contribution their country and their people will flourish and prosper.

When I came out of prison my parents, who wanted me to marry again had arranged my betrothal and the marriage was to take place soon. With a friend of mine, Abbas Khan, I left for Peshawar to do some shopping. When we reached Sardaryab, the police were waiting for us by the bridge. They arrested both of us and took us back to the police station at Charsadda, but from there our case was referred to Peshawar. In Peshawar we were taken straight to the bungalow of Mr. Short, the chief C.I.D. officer. We were made

to stand on the road outside the bungalow while the police officer who had accompanied us, went in to report our arrival.

By the evening we were still standing there. It was December and, therefore, very cold. Mr. Short was sitting comfortably by the fire but he left us standing outside in the cold night.

My friend Abbas Khan asked me: "Why were we arrested? What have we done? And what shall we say when we appear before the officer?"

I said: "Answer every question truthfully. Be careful, but do not tell any lies."

It was late in the night when at last Abbas' name was called out, and he was taken inside. Then I was also brought before Mr. Short.

Mr. Short was notorious for being a very harsh man. It appeared that there had been a bomb incident in Nowshera and it was in this connection that Abbas and I had been arrested. Mr. Short began to ask me questions and I replied, loudly and clearly.

"Speak softly!" shouted Mr. Short.

So I gave my next reply in a soft, gentle voice.

"Speak up!" shouted Mr. Short.

I said: "When I speak loudly you ask me to speak softly, and when I do you want me to speak up! Would you kindly tell me exactly in what manner you wish me to address you?"

I could see that this made him very angry, but he did not say anything to me. He only called the policeman and handed me over to him. The policeman took me away and put me in the lock-up at Sadar police station. Nobody thought of giving me anything to eat and I spent a hungry night there. Abbas Khan had been put in a lock-up at another police station.

The night was very cold, and so was the cement floor of the cell. The door was bare. Some stinking, half-rotten, lice-ridden blankets were lying on the floor. It made me sick just to look at them. But it was bitterly cold. I had no alternative but to cover myself with those dirty rags. When I woke up in the morning my clothes were full of lice. I sighed and began to pick them off one by one.

I was kept in this cell for a week and then I was taken to Mr. Short again, who then gave orders for my release.

I asked him: "May I know why I was arrested? And why I was kept here for a week?"

He said: "I was making enquiries."

I asked again: "Could you not have made enquiries before you had me arrested?"

He replied: "It is entirely up to me whether to make enquiries first or make the arrest first."

I said: "But I am a human being after all. Did you not think of my position? There was no reason to put me to all this inconvenience. I wasn't going to run away. If your enquiries had proved me guilty, you could easily have arrested me."

"What do you mean by your position?" he said harshly.

I simply said: "Very well," and left the room. Then I returned to my village.

Hijrat Campaign

MY second marriage took place in 1920.

In that year I also took part in the All India Khilafat Committee conference in Delhi. There was at that conference an ardent young man, called Aziz, who proposed the *Hijrat** movement. He said that we should all leave this country. At that time we thought it was just a joke. But the joke became a calamity. This unfortunate joke was the cause of a terrible loss of Pathan lives and property.

A Hijrat Committee was formed in Peshawar and anyone who wanted to migrate to Afghanistan had to go through this committee, which provided him with all kinds of facilities and comforts. In the beginning the British tried to stop people from going on *hijrat* to Afghanistan, but later, when they found that people would not listen to them they changed their tune and encouraged people to go on *hijrat* in large numbers. They thought

* Exodus, emigration.

they could kill two birds with one stone. Afghanistan would be put to a great deal of trouble, having to cope with the immigrants, and as the political workers from rest of India might also go on *hijrat*, they would get rid of them, and their worrier would be over. The British also sent a number of trained spies with the emigrants to Afghanistan.

The *mullahs* issued a forceful *fatwah*, saying: "Any man who does not go on *hijrat* will have to divorce his wife." But the women had different ideas. It is said that the doe is so swift-footed that even if one made her wear ankle bells, she would be out of sight before anybody could see who she was or where she was going. Many women became as swift-footed as the doe when it was a question of staying with their husbands.

I myself also went on *hijrat* and I saw the whole show with my own eyes.

King Amanullah Khan wanted to give the emigrants land and employment, and a share in trade, too. But the spies the British sent with the emigrants were against it.

They said: "We have not come here to take land, or to seek employment, or to set ourselves up in business. We have come here to wage a holy war!"

King Amanullah said: "I have not enough strength to fight the British. I shall give you a colony here. If you amongst yourselves can build up enough strength to wage a war against the British, I shall give you all the help I can. You know, as well as I do, that the British are like a black cobra that will not let you live in peace, and I, for one, live in constant fear of its deadly bite." But the spies moved among the exiles and did their shameful work.

There was another group in Kabul too, who were

against the *hijrat* and who secretly did all they could to turn it into a failure. And though King Amanullah tried to help the emigrants, all his efforts were in vain and the *hijrat* movement had to admit defeat.

While I was in Kabul, I had an audience with King Amanullah. The King could speak several languages, but he did not know Pashtu. During the audience I said to the King:

"There is something I would like to say, if you will allow me."

The King said: "Of course."

I said: "What a pity it is that you, who know so many languages, do not know Pashtu, though it is your mother tongue and your national language!"

The King agreed with me and soon he began to learn Pashtu.

At that time Nadir Khan was the Minister of Defence and Sardar Ubeidullah Ghariz Khan, the father of Sardar Dawud Khan, was Minister of Education. I knew both of them very well. Sardar Ubeidullah Ghariz Khan said to me one day: "I am going to visit Habibia College." I decided to accompany him.

The principal of the college very kindly allowed me to visit some of the classes and ask the students questions. I had to speak to them in Persian.

"Who are you?" I asked one of the students.

"I am an Afghan," he replied.

I asked: "What country do you belong to?"

"Afghanistan," he replied.

"What is your national language?" I asked again.

The answer was: "Afghani."

"Do you know this language?"

The reply came shyly: "No." Then the boy lowered his eyes and kept quiet.

"Say something, sir" I urged, but the boy said, "I can't."

Then I said: "You call yourself a good Afghan and you can't even speak your own language?"

Mohammed Tarzi was the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Afghanistan, an extremely able and competent man. One day he invited me to a party. During the evening the language question came up and this gave Mohammed Tarzi the opportunity to say:

"Our people speak Persian as well as Pashtu."

I remarked: "But Pashtu is the national language of Afghanistan. I am not saying that nobody should speak Persian. But what I want to know is why you people have forgotten your own language. It is after all the language of the majority. When the British came to India they did not know any of the languages that were spoken in this country, neither did anybody in India understand their language. Yet they did not make any Indian language the official language. Their own language remained the language of the Government. The result was that millions of people learnt English. People from different parts of India cannot understand each other's language. But English has penetrated everywhere and there is hardly any part of India where you cannot make yourself understood in English. If you had made Afghani your national language, it would have been spoken by everyone today."

Eventually all the people from our province who had gone on *hijrat* to Afghanistan returned home.

Some of my friends went to Tashkent, and I myself, with a few companions, went to Bajaur, where we wanted to establish schools for the independent tribes.

One of the schools we opened was in Khalu, a village in the district of Dhir. Maulvi Faz'l Mohammed Saheb

Makhfi was put in charge of the school. The people of this village were very pleased because they were very keen on education, and their children were unusually intelligent. This was the first opportunity they had of going to school, and they took full advantage of it.

The political agent of Malakand, an Englishman called Cab, was very hostile towards the Pathan movement for education, and he opposed it whenever and wherever he could. When he found that the school in Khalu was so popular with the villagers, he sent for the Nawab of Dhir.

"Look here," he told him, "All this education is creating endless trouble for us. If you want to avoid getting yourself into difficulties, you better see that this school is destroyed as soon as possible."

So the Nawab had the school demolished!

These were the conditions under which we had to work, the hardships we had to face. I was all alone now, all my companions and colleagues had left Bajaur district. I made a tour of both Dhir and Bajaur districts and then went back home. I thought I should now try to reopen the schools which the British had closed down during the first World War.

These were the days when the Khilafat movement and the Congress were meeting on a common platform.

My friend Qazi Ataullah and I had received invitations for a function at Aligarh University. As we were going there it occurred to me that I should also attend the meeting of the Khilafat movement.

At Aligarh University we found a number of students from our province. We talked and exchanged views with them. Several of them had given up going to college because of their pro-Turkish sentiments.

Because of urgent business elsewhere the Qazi Saheb and I could not attend the Khilafat conference after all, and we went back to Utmanzai.^o

At the end of December 1920 my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, returned from England where he had spent about fifteen years. He had finished his medical studies during the war and had been enlisted in the Army as a doctor. He had the rank of captain and was attached to the Guides at Mardan.

With the help of some friends I had been trying to provide facilities for higher education. In 1921 our efforts were crowned with success and the Azad High School was founded in Utmanzai. My colleagues at this school were: Qazi Saheb Ataullah, Mian Ahmed Shah, Haji Abdul Gaffar Khan, Haji Mohammed Abbas Khan, Abdullah Akbar Khan, Taj Mohammed Khan, Abdullah Shah and Khadim Mohammed Akbar Khan.

We also founded a society which we called *Anjuman-ul-Afaghina*..

We were short of teachers for our school. One reason was that we could not afford to pay our teachers very high salaries. So I also used to take classes.

During that period I attended a conference of the Khilafat movement at Lahore. At the conference I met Aziz Mukhtar Khan, from Merakhail village in Bannu district. He was accompanied by his two sons—Aziz Mumtaz Khan and Maqsud Khan, who were both studying for their B.A. degrees at Islamia College, Peshawar, but had stopped going to college during the pro-Turkish movement, like the students we had met in Aligarh.

Aziz Mukhtar Khan gave both his sons to our school. Maqsud became the first headmaster, and later, when he went back to college to continue his interrupted

studies, his brother Aziz Mumtaz Khan took over from him.

The British did not like our school, and whenever we appointed new teachers, they tried to frighten and threaten them. If that did not scare them away, they tried to lure them away by offering them better-paid jobs. Poor Maqsud Khan, too, was harassed by the police whenever he came to Utmanzai.

The Khilafat Movement

I WAS still enthusiastic about the Khilafat movement, but that path did not run smoothly either. The Khilafat movement in Peshawar had split up into two different parties. One day Haji Jan Mohammed Saheb and his colleagues organised a public meeting in Shahi Bagh. At that meeting it was proposed that Haji Jan Mohammed Saheb be elected president of the Khilafat Committee. The proposal was unanimously accepted.

The following day a certain Sayyid Saheb and his friends gathered in Peshawar and held a meeting of their own. They said that Sayyid Saheb was a true follower of the Prophet and a servant of the people; therefore his claim was greater than Haji Jan Mohammed Saheb's and he should be elected president of the Khilafat Committee. And all the people in the meeting shouted—"Agreed!"

These were the conditions under which the Khilafat movement had to work. The agitation and the rivalry increased day by day. No real work was done. Pre-

cious time was being wasted. There was no harmony among the workers. Normally the people of Peshawar are good, hard-working folk, but the disharmony amongst themselves made them useless as workers for the movement.

I used to go to the Khilafat office once in a while and as I was on friendly terms with both parties, they both used to talk to me about their differences. Both parties made it quite clear that they had confidence in me, and eventually it was suggested that I take over the presidency. I was not really interested, because I am not, on the whole, a lover of presidencies or other high offices, and I prefer to keep away from them. But in this case I felt that I had to accept it. I made one condition, however. I stipulated that all the subscriptions collected in the Frontier province should be spent solely on education within the province.

And so I became the president of the Khilafat Committee, with Abdul-ul-Qayyum as the secretary.

Now that I did not have to worry about the school so much, I began to tour the tribal districts. My purpose was first of all to meet the people and to exchange thoughts and ideas with them, and secondly to see if I could reopen the old schools in the tribal areas.

It was about six months after my school at Utmanzai had been opened that the Chief Commissioner for our district sent for my father, and said to him :

“I have noticed that your son is touring the villages and opening schools. I have also noticed that other people stay quietly at home and don't bother about these things. Would you kindly ask your son to give up all these activities and stay at home like other people?”

When my father came home he told me, in private, what the Commissioner had said. And he added :

“Why don’t you stay comfortably at home, son? Why should you do all these things that nobody else bothers about?”

My father’s rebuke, gentle though it was, upset me. I said to myself: “These British don’t hesitate to sow discord between father and son if it serves their purpose.”

My father was a deeply religious man. I said to him: “Father, if everybody else stopped saying their *namaz*, would you advise me to do the same?”

My father replied: “God forbid! Saying *namaz* is a sacred duty.”

I said: “And to my mind educating the people and serving the nation is as sacred a duty as *namaz*.”

Very seriously my father replied: “Son, if it is so sacred a duty, you must never give it up!”

My father told the Commissioner that we could not possibly give up our religion and our sacred duties for his sake.

A few days later I was arrested, and was asked to furnish security, which I refused. On the eleventh of December 1921 I was sentenced to three years’ rigorous imprisonment under Section 4 of Frontier Crime Regulation.

It was certainly rigorous imprisonment. The food we were given did not deserve its name and the clothes we were supposed to wear could hardly be called clothes.

A father and his son from my village were brought in at the same time. When they had changed into their prison clothes the boy could not recognize his father any more. He began to cry—“Baba, Baba, where are you?” The father said: “Son, I am here, right beside you!”

And what about a tall, robust man like me? Of the prison clothes they gave me the trousers did not even come down to my calves, and they were so tight that they

tore at the seams. The shirt stopped above the waist!

A new prisoner was usually put in solitary confinement and he was required to grind twenty seers of corn every day. He was put in fetters and an iron collar was put round his neck, from which hung a small identity disc, showing the prisoner's crime and the duration of his sentence.

The warder in this prison was a Hindu. He was an honest man, and as he was a patriot, he was sympathetic to the jail inmates. Though he put me in a solitary cell, he did not put me in fetters, nor made me grind corn. He gave me prison food, but the *chapatis* were clean and the *dal* and the vegetables were at least eatable. My cell was bitterly cold because it faced the North and never got any sun. I was given three blankets and a piece of gunny sacking: they were no protection against the cold. Besides, we never left our cells, and getting no exercise made me feel even colder. Occasionally, when a kind guard happened to be on duty, I was allowed to sit outside in the sun for half an hour or so.

Another difficulty was that even at night nobody was allowed to sleep in peace, because every three hours the guards changed and the one who came on duty had to knock at every door and call out till the occupant of the cell answered. A prisoner who did not reply was punished the next day.

When I was arrested, I was first sent to Peshawar prison. I was not put in a lock-up, as is usual when one is awaiting sentence, but I was put in the criminal's cell.

When the door was opened a most odious smell met my nostrils. The source of it was not difficult to trace: a clay chamberpot full of the last occupant's excre-

ment, was lying in a corner! I told the prison officer that I could not stay in such a dirty cell, but he said coldly: "Your are in prison, you know!" and pushed me inside.

After I was put in prison my friends in the Khilafat movement were also arrested and sent to prison. We were kept locked day and night. Our food was shoved in through a barred opening in the door. The door was opened only when the sweeper came to clean the cell. The cells were closely guarded lest anyone should try to come near us or talk to us. The result of this cruel treatment was that most of my colleagues decided to furnish security, but Abdul-ul-Qayyum and I refused to do that.

After ten days I was taken to the Deputy Commissioner. He was a queer Englishman and his method was equally odd. He asked the policeman, who had brought me, what offence I had committed. The policeman told him that I had gone on *hijrat* and also opened an *Azad* school.

The Deputy Commissioner asked him: "Why did you allow him to return to this country once he had gone on *hijrat*?"

Now I spoke up and said: "First you have taken our country from us and now you won't even let us live in it any more?"

This made the Englishman very angry and he told the policeman:

"Take him out of my sight. I am sentencing him to three years' imprisonment."

The policeman took me back to the prison. Abdul-ul-Qayyum was also given a three year sentence.

It was an offence for any prisoner to keep food in his cell. One day I was sitting in my solitary cell when a

man from my village, who was also a prisoner, came to my cell and gave me two pieces of *gur*.* After a while the guard outside told me that the Jailor Sahib was coming. What should I do with the *gur*? I could hide it under the blankets, but suppose the jailor wanted to inspect my bed? Under the gunny sacking then? Where could one hide anything in this bare cell? Somehow or other I managed, and as luck would have it, though the jailor did come in he did not search anything. When he had gone I threw the pieces of *gur* out of the window and there and then I made a resolution that as long as I was in jail I would never do anything against the rules and regulations, because it created fear in a man's heart. I had seen it happen to many of my political friends. First they violate the rules, then they flatter the jailor. They have to even bribe him. All this is caused by fear and it costs a man his self-respect. I did not want that to happen to me.

Some time later my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, and a few others came to see me. They brought a message from the government. The message said that I would be allowed to run the schools, but that I must stop touring the villages. If I agreed to that, the message went on, I would be released from the prison.

I tore up the Government's message.

Among the many other prisoners in this jail were some crusaders from Chamarkand whom I knew, for when I was going from Kabul to Bajaur I had gone to Chamarkand to meet them. I had tried to advise and help them. I had warned them not to go to the Frontier or Punjab, because some of their men had been arrested there.

*Jaggery.

"And how much longer," I asked them, "will you people go on chasing a dream? Why don't you start looking for jobs? You have mules, haven't you? Well, not very far from here, in Kunar district, a large variety of fruit is grown. If you go there and buy the fruit and sell it in Mohmand district, you will be able to make a decent living. And you will be independent and free."

I gave them this advice because when I was in their district I had studied their circumstances and their way of living. I had found that they were becoming useless and idle. These crusaders had come to Chamarkand from Boner. Disunity had crept into their ranks, and they had killed their leader, a Punjabi.

Splitting up into factions and engaging in fights and brawls seems to come naturally to our Punjabi brothers.

There were also a number of Bengalis among the crusaders in Boner, and they lived together in friendship and love. But as soon as Punjabis joined them, they formed themselves into different groups and the fights and the brawls started. In the end the commander had been killed and they had all been told to leave Boner. It was then they had gone to Chamarkand. But the party spirit was still there. Their leader, Maulvi Faz'l Ali, was a great "groupist" and a very dangerous man. I had met him when I was about to leave Kabul and I had given him a great deal of advice.

Because of this party factionalism Maulvi Faz'l Ali had killed a very good leader, Maulvi Bakshi, who was a most virtuous and sincere worker.

Even in prison these crusaders were in a bad state. They used to quarrel and beat each other. After my arrival the situation improved.

They told me that one of their colleagues back home,

was a *Hafiz Koran** was actually working for the police. He used to report against the good workers to the police while he himself stayed in the background. Then he would tell this worker: "Let's go to such-and-such a place. We'll be able to collect good subscriptions there." The worker would go with him in good faith, and by the time he discovered that he had been deceived, it was too late, for then the police would be waiting for him and he would be taken in.

They also told me that this *Hafiz Koran* had gone to Chamarkand again in search of new victims. It appeared that he had his eye on one of our most distinguished leaders. Somehow or other, they said—word should be sent to Chamarkand, warning everybody not on any account to go anywhere with this *Hafiz Koran*.

One of the imprisoned crusaders was a Mohmand. He was due to be released in a day or so. His home was near Chamarkand. The crusaders wanted me to write a letter, warning their colleagues at home against this *Hafiz Koran*. The Mohmand was to deliver the letter.

At first I was not inclined to write such a letter. But when I thought of the trouble this *Hafiz Koran* was causing and the harm he was doing to the crusaders' cause, I changed my mind and wrote a brief letter, which I gave to the Mohmand the day before his release.

In this prison, ordinary prisoners were usually kept in those solitary cells for a week, but they kept me in one for two months. Then I was transferred to Dera Ismail Khan, meant for habitual prisoners.

*One who knows the Koran by heart.

A Change of Prisons

BEFORE I left the Peshawar prison they had fettered my feet again, but when I arrived at Dera Ismail Khan prison the fetters were removed. I was put in a cell, and the following day I was given twenty seers of corn to grind, on a grindstone of course. But maggots appeared to have had a go at the corn first, for not one grain was hard, so it was not a hard job this time.

The jailor was an elderly Muslim, who had been a soldier before he became a prison official. He could not speak English and was due to retire.

The Superintendent of the prison was an Englishman who could not speak any language but English. Therefore all the work in the prison was done by Gangaram, the deputy jailor. The elderly Muslim jailor was all right, but Gangaram was a very dirty man and the kind of person who took bribes. He used to stir up quarrels among the prisoners and then demand bribes from them for not taking any action against them.

One day, when I was grinding corn, the jailor came and said :

“You may stop grinding corn.”

I said : “Why?”

He replied : “You are the only one in this prison who is here on behalf of God. How could I justify myself before Him if I made you grind corn?”

To please him I stopped, but as soon as he had gone I started again. But he was watching me through a small hole in the door and after a few minutes he came in again and said :

“I allowed you to stop, why are you still grinding?”

Not far from me, in the next row of cells, another prisoner was also grinding corn.

I said to the jailor : “Do you see that man? Well, there you have a robber and murderer grinding corn. Why should I mind grinding corn for my cause, which is pure and holy?”

The following day the jailor told the man in charge of the grinding to give me flour to grind instead of corn. But when the man brought me the flour he also gave me some corn.

He said : “If the Superintendent comes round, please pretend to be grinding the corn.”

I asked him : “Why?”

He said : “If he sees I’ve given you flour, he’ll sack me.”

“I don’t want you to lose your job,” I said, “And I don’t like lying either. So please let me grind corn like everybody else.”

The food in this prison was terrible. They must have put cement in the bread, it was impossible to chew it. The vegetables were so bad that even the prison cat, when I offered her some one day, refused to

eat them! The jailor very kindly said that he could have food sent from his own house for me, but I asked him not to. The man who took round the milk, wanted to give me some. Doctor's orders, he said. But I refused that too, for milk was not part of my prison diet, and I did not want to take anybody else's ration.

Then Gangaram began to send his agent to pester me for bribes.

"Give Gangaram some money," he said, "and he will get you out of the solitary cell. We Peshawaris feel very ashamed to think of you in this solitary cell, and grinding corn as well. If you don't want to bribe Gangaram, we are prepared to pay him from our own pockets."

"Listen," I told him, "Bribing is a social evil. I will have no part of it. You know that I am here because I refused to furnish security. If I have to bribe anyone, I may as well pay the security!"

Gangaram also corrupted the young prisoners. Anyone who paid him five rupees could have a young prisoner to stay with him in his cell for the night.

One day I said to the jailor: "You are a good Muslim. You pray five times a day. But you don't protect the honour of young Muslim boys in this prison? How are you going to account for that before the Almighty? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" In the other prisons in Peshawar where the jailors are Hindus, nobody would dare to touch a young Muslim boy."

The food continued to be bad. One day, when I was busy grinding corn, the Superintendent came to my cell. A small bowl of vegetables was still lying on the floor. I showed it to the Superintendent and said: "I offered this food to the cat, but she wouldn't touch it. Yet you expect human beings to eat it!"

The Superintendent, who was a doctor, looked at the vegetables and said: "There is nothing wrong with this food!"

I thought it was no use arguing this point any further. So, changing the subject, I said: "Would you mind taking a look at the man in the cell opposite? He is in fetters and so am I. But look at the difference! I grind the same amount of corn as he does every day. He is a prisoner and so am I. But is my crime the same as his? Tell me, how do you treat prisoners like me in your country?"

The Superintendent left the cell without a word.

But the following day I was sent to the workshop to make envelopes. And when I saw the Superintendent again he told me: "It won't be long now before you are taken out of the solitary cell."

There were prisoners from all over the Frontier Province in the workshop. They often quarrelled amongst themselves and even came to blows, mostly over the boys. They all used to come and talk to me. I told them to stop fighting and to give up their vices, and I was happy to see that they listened to me.

Many of the prisoners were afraid of the hard work and they used to bribe Gangaram in order to get out of it. I told them also to give up this bad habit.

When Gangaram saw his business dwindle he conspired to get me removed to another prison. He reported to the Superintendent that I was creating trouble for him, that I was trying to propagate my ideas among the prisoners, and that he would not be responsible for maintaining discipline unless I was removed. In fact he made out quite a case against me.

The Superintendent came and questioned me. He knew very well that Gangaram was lying. But it was a

question of discipline, and an Englishman will go to any length to maintain discipline. So I was transferred to Dera Ghazi Khan prison, having spent two months of my sentence in Peshawar prison and two months here. During those four months I had lost 45 lbs. in weight. The bad food had affected my gums and I had pyorrhoea.

On the day when I was to be transferred a police car, with all its curtains drawn, drove up to the gate. My feet were fettered, the handcuffs tied my wrists and an iron collar my neck. I was wearing the prison clothes that had always been too tight and too short. I could not look at myself. God only knows what a sight I was for others! I was put into the motorcar and transported to Dera Ghazi Khan railway station. We missed the train and had to spend the night at the station. Nobody was allowed to come near me, neither was I allowed to go near anyone. They did not even remove my handcuffs. My escort were all Pathans, and the sub-inspector in-charge, Nadir Khan was a man from my district. He was known as "dacoit".

In the morning, when the train came in, I was put in a so-called servants' compartment. Great care was taken, especially at the stations where the train stopped, that nobody should come near to see who I was.

We got down at Ghaziaghat, where I was handed over to another escort. The officer-in-charge was a Hindu. He took off my handcuffs and said: 'Come on, let's walk up and down the platform.'

As we were strolling along, Nadir Khan came up to us and said to the Hindu officer:

"What are you doing? Oh, I am done for!"

The Hindu police officer said: "Don't worry! He is in my charge now and I take full responsibility. You may go now."

We had to cross the Indus river. On the other side I was put in a tonga, and we finally arrived at Dera Ghazi Khan prison.

When we arrived at the prison gate, I found Ubeid-ul-Rashid Khan, the son of Colonel Ubeid-ul-Majid, and Lala Dani Chand Ambalvi waiting to meet me. Some of his friends and relations had also come with him. As I was going inside he said to me :

“When I saw you arriving I was sure that a very dangerous robber and murderer was being taken to prison.”

Once inside, my fetters were removed.

This was a small prison, housing political prisoners from Punjab. There were two barracks, one for C-class prisoners and the other for special class prisoners. I was put with the C-class prisoners, because there was no other class for prisoners from our province. But at least the chapatis were good there.

The Superintendent was a very good man. He used to give the political prisoners wheat which they themselves cleaned, ground into flour and made into chapatis. They also cooked their own vegetables. But the best thing for me was that my fetters had been removed.

All the C-class prisoners were Sikhs and Hindus. They were very kind and they treated me with great courtesy.

The work we had to do here was rope-making, but I could not manage it, and I asked the Superintendent who was a very nice Muslim to give me some other work instead.

The special class prisoners had discovered my identity and they urged the Superintendent to transfer me to their barracks. He not only agreed to that, but also gave me a *charkha**, and changed my prison work from rope-making to spinning.

* Spinning wheel.

It was by God's infinite mercy and grace that I was transferred to this prison. I don't know how long I could have carried on and preserved my health in the other prison. Apart from that, I could not have been in a better and more well-bred company than I was here, and I took full advantage of this opportunity to get to know the Punjabi people. For all of us it was an excellent chance to become more familiar with each other's ideas and beliefs. Most of the other prisoners were released long before I was, and they wrote to the papers about me. They protested against the Government's treatment of me as a C-class prisoner in such strong terms that in the end the Government had to treat me as a special class prisoner.

The Superintendent sent me to Lahore Central Jail for dental treatment. As I have already mentioned, my teeth and gums were very badly affected by the poor quality of the food in Dera Ismail Khan prison.

The jailor here, one Khan Allaudin Khan, had no sympathy for nationalist prisoners. On the contrary, to get into the good books of the British, he was extremely harsh with them. In return the British had given him carte blanche to treat the prisoners in any way he fancied. And his treatment of political prisoners was particularly bad.

There were both Khilafat movement and Congress movement prisoners. But though I belonged to the Khilafat movement, I was put in a solitary cell, and not with the other Khilafat prisoners.

There were a number of Sikhs in these solitary cells. They had been put there because when they were in the barracks they had all been chanting in unison: *Sat Sri Akal**.

* God is truth.

A great feeling of power and strength had taken possession of the Sikhs, and the worse they were treated the stronger and more powerful they felt.

When the Khilafat movement prisoners found out that I had been sent here and that was kept in a solitary cell they all raised their voices in one mighty protest. The very next day I was lodged with the political prisoners, and I met Agha Safdar, Malik Lal Khan, Lala Lajpat Rai and other Congress leaders, and we had the opportunity to talk and have lengthy discussions. With Agha Safdar and Malik Lal Khan I began to study the Holy Koran, but Malik Lal Khan soon gave up. He said that I interpreted the Koran in my own way. The poor man was used to follow the beaten track and he had not learned to think for himself. Therefore our independent interpretation made no impression on him at all.

A few days after my arrival in Lahore Central Jail, the dental surgeon came. His name was Dr. Prem Nath and, as I was to find out, he was indeed the image of love. I was taken to the office, where the doctor examined my teeth, extracted a few and cleaned the rest. He told me that I had pyorrhoea and he prescribed medicine as well as a nourishing and balanced diet.

I asked the doctor how much I owed him for his services. I told him that I was well-to-do and able to pay his fee. But he refused to take any payment. When I insisted he said :

“Listen, what crime have you committed? You are here because of your love for your country and your people. I would be ashamed of myself if I accepted payment from you. I can’t make a great sacrifice like you, but I can at least offer you this small service!”

Then he picked up his bag and left.

A few days later I was sent back to Dera Ghazi Khan prison.

I was taken by train, under police escort. It was summer and a very hot afternoon. We had to change trains at Sher Shah station. An interesting incident occurred there.

The police officer in charge was a very nice man and he wanted to take me to the waiting room, but we found the door closed. The police officer knocked. Someone opened the door and we saw a *Pir Saheb** and his *mureeds*† who were taking an afternoon nap. The police officer brought a chair for me to sit down, then he saluted and went outside.

One of the *Pir Saheb's mureeds* was working the fan, that hang from the ceiling, but my arrival had disturbed the *Pir Saheb's* afternoon nap. He had seen how the police officer brought a chair for me and saluted me and somehow he was under the impression that I was a high ranking police officer. There was a lovely little child in the *Pir Saheb's* party. It appeared that he was a great *Pir* from Nissa Sharif, and he had been to India to collect alms and offerings. Judging by the amount of luggage he had, boxes and suitcases, he must have collected a considerable amount.

The child came and sat by me. She was not afraid or shy at all. That made me feel happy, for I love small children. A little later, when I went outside, she followed me. As the *Pir Saheb* still thought I was some high official, he did not mind and did not say anything. But outside on the platform someone recognised me and soon I was surrounded by people. When the *Pir Saheb* realized I was a "Khilafat man" he sent one of his *mureeds* to call

* Muslim holy man

† Disciples

the child back. But she did not want to leave me and started weeping. In the end the police officer had to take her back to the waiting room.

Then our train came in and soon I was back in Dera Ghazi Khan prison.

Life in British Prison

IN my barrack at Dera Ghazi Khan prison there were a number of Hindus and Sikhs, but only a few Muslims. There was a teacher, Gurditamal, a worthy man, of whom I became very fond. When he prayed he used to chant *Shanti, Shanti, Shanti*, but that did not make him a peaceful man. He used to lose his temper at the slightest provocation.

When the Sikhs gathered together they chanted: *Sir jave, ta jave, mera Sikh dharam na jave*. (I may even lose my head, but I will not lose my Sikh faith.) I greatly enjoyed listening to them.

I think the reason why the Sikhs can put so much more feeling and emotion into their religious practices than the Hindus or the Muslims is, that their Holy Book, the Guru Granth Saheb, is written in their mother tongue. Therefore they understand the teachings and the prayers of their religion better. The Hindus say their prayers in Sanskrit and the Muslims in Arabic, and many Hindus and Muslims say their prayers without

really understanding the meaning.

Actually, we spent our time very pleasantly in this prison. And we were able to remove, to a certain extent, the false impression the British had given the Hindus of us, the Pakhtuns.

One day a Hindu friend said to me :

"I have been told that the Pathans drink human blood. Do they really?"

"Oh yes, " I replied, "frequently."

"Good heavens," he cried out.

Then he asked again: "But why do they drink it?"

"Because it is very tasty," I said.

"Good heavens!" he cried again.

Then I asked him: "My friend, from where did you get this idea? Have you ever been to the Pathan country? Have you ever seen a Pathan, for that matter? Except me, of course."

"No, I haven't," he admitted.

"Then who told you this?" I asked him.

His reply was that he had read about it in some book.

One day we heard that the Inspector-General of Prisons, Col. Wade, was to visit our prison. He was known to be a very rude man, he treated prisoners as if he were the Almighty himself—he was in every respect an unpleasant person.

When he entered the barracks and saw that the Hindus were wearing Gandhi caps and the Sikhs black turbans, he became very angry with the jailor and enquired why did he allow this.

Our Superintendent, who was also British, but a very kind-hearted man, told the Colonel: "It is my fault, not theirs."

Before the Inspector-General left the prison he gave

orders to take the Gandhi caps and the black turbans off the heads of the prisoners. We did not hear about this order till the next day, however, when it was read out to us.

Sardar Kharak Singh told the Superintendent :

“But, Sir, we are special class prisoners and the Government allows us to wear our own clothes. Therefore we can dress as we like, and the Inspector General’s order is illegal and a violation of our rights.”

But the Superintendent said : “What can I do about it? I only carry out orders. Therefore I am telling you to remove your Gandhi caps and turbans.”

We did not argue with him because we knew it would make no difference. But after he left we sat down together and discussed what was to be done. We came to the conclusion that, as we had permission to wear our own clothes, that implied the right to wear the kind of clothes we liked, and if that happened to be Gandhi caps and turbans, nobody had the right to forbid them. Therefore, we decided, we would not obey this order.

The next day when it was found that the prisoners were still wearing Gandhi caps and turbans, they were taken to the office one by one to have their headgear removed.

We then decided not to wear any other clothes either, except loin cloths.

Wearing a Gandhi cap or a turban has no special meaning to the North West Frontier people and I was not used to wearing either. But I told my friends that I was ready to join them in defying the order. They would not allow me to do this, however, as, they said, this was purely a Punjabi affair.

When the Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ghazi Khan, Mr. Wilson, came to visit the prison, Sardar Kharak

Singh spoke to him on behalf of all the prisoners. He told him that we were allowed to wear our own clothes and that this right could not suddenly be taken away from us.

The Deputy Commissioner said: "The right to wear your own clothes does not apply to caps or turbans."

Sardar Kharak Singh said: "Do you mean to say that caps and turbans are not clothes?"

The Deputy Commissioner said, "No...." and another argument would have followed, when suddenly the Sikhs began to chant: *Sat Sri Akal! Jo Bole so nihal!*

The air was filled with the roar and the Deputy Commissioner rushed to the office, where he decided that the prisoners must be punished for this demonstration.

The next day the Superintendent announced that anyone who refused to dress properly would be charged, according to prison rules and regulation, and taken to the court. The Muslims then complied with the order, but not the Sikhs and the Hindus. They were duly taken to the court and the Magistrate sentenced everyone of them to an additional nine months' imprisonment.

C-class prisoners like myself were allowed to write one letter every three months and any letters that were sent to them were given to them only once every three months. Consequently I knew very little of what was going on in my district. Relatives, whom I was allowed to receive once every three months, brought me some news from the province, but that did not keep me up to date.

I heard that our movement had started with a bang. In those days people were not yet meeting-minded. Moreover the Government did not allow people to attend meetings and that made them afraid

too. My colleagues hit upon the idea of holding meetings in the mosques. People would meet for *mulud sharif** and then the president of our society would give them a lecture. The students from our school were always in the majority at those meetings.

Ghani, my son, was now nine years old. Wali could already read the Koran very well. Ghani made excellent speeches, and at the end of a speech he always said :

“Oh people! Go and ask this Government why they are keeping my father a prisoner! Go and ask them what crime he has committed!”

This made a deep impression on our people. Their hearts were touched and a new vigour was born in them. In short, my imprisonment was of great benefit to my people. They had become interested in education, and they had also become more politically conscious. Because of my imprisonment they now looked upon our school with love and sympathy, and they even began to offer help.

My mother was very upset and unhappy for me, and the letter I was allowed to write once every three months, was always addressed to her. Her one great desire was to see me again. She would have come to visit me in prison, but she was very old and Dera Ghazi Khan was very far and between us lay the river Indus. Much as I would have loved to see her, I had to discourage her from undertaking such an arduous journey. Sometimes I wish I had not, for God took her away from me before I returned home.

Towards the end of 1920 she fell ill and passed away after a few days, but nobody told me. I found out from the newspapers and I was deeply distressed.

*A meeting where the teachings of the Prophet Mohammed are discussed, prayers are said and “Salam” in sung.

When I returned home after my release, my sister told me that towards the end of her life my mother was always speaking of me. When her last moment came she said: "Where is Ghaffar? Has he not come back yet?"

She passed away with my name on her lips.

Of all the prisoners in Dera Ghazi Khan I was serving the longest sentence, three years; other prisoners were serving six or nine months' or at the most one year's sentences.

Soon many of the six months prisoners were released and so would the others have been if this agitation over the Gandhi caps and turbans had not happened. When they had served their additional nine months, the Superintendent told them:

"You had better put on the proper clothes, or I shall have to charge you again."

This time the Hindus also complied with the order. But the Sikhs did not and they were all sentenced to another nine months' imprisonment. Those who had complied with the order requested the Superintendent to have them transferred to another prison and their request was granted.

When the Sikhs had completed their second nine months term and realized that they would be charged again and again till they complied with the order, they also resiled and asked to be transferred. Their request, too, was granted.

Now only Sardar Kharak Singh and I were left. Kharak Singh was a very powerful man, firm and immovable as a mountain. Nobody could order him about.

Once again the Inspector-General visited the prison, proud and arrogant as ever. When he saw us he said: "Well, Kharak Singh?"

Sardar Kharak Singh replied : "Yes, Wade?"

The Inspector-General was furious and gave orders that Sardar Kharak Singh be put in a solitary cell and that the milk, especially prescribed for him by the doctor, be stopped forthwith.

Sardar Kharak Singh was taken away and put in a solitary cell in the prison hospital. I was now all alone in the barrack, which was next to the hospital. The only way we could see each other was through a hole in the door. The Sardar soon became very weak and I did my best to give him some food through the hole in the door as often as I could manage. Sardar Kharak Singh was a fine man. In spite of all his miseries he never lost his courage and determination.

As more prisoners arrived the prison authorities decided that they needed the barrack I was occupying, and I was transferred to Mianwali prison. At Mianwali there were no barracks, only solitary cells.

There were many political prisoners: Congress Khilafat, and Guru-ke-Bagh prisoners. They, too, had been transferred here from Dera Ghazi Khan prison. They were on friendly terms with the prison authorities.

There were separate kitchens for Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs. Maulana Iqbal, from Panipat, a Khilafat movement prisoner serving a five-year sentence, was in charge of our kitchen. He was an excellent cook, but he used to put far too much red pepper into the curry, which did not agree with me.

Akhtar Ali Khan, the son of Alauddin Zafar Ali Khan was also a prisoner here.

The Superintendent was a queer person. It was very hot in Mianwali and dust storms occurred frequently, but the water in the well was nice and cool. The Superintendent used to take political prisoners into the

courtyard where the well was, so that they could have a bath. He often asked me to go with them, but I always refused.

There was a tower in the centre of the courtyard, and in the evening, after the roll call, the Superintendent and the political prisoners often sat there, chatting. The Superintendent asked me to join them but I refused that too, because I knew that prison officers, although they spend all their time with prisoners, never think one as a human being but always as a prisoner. They have a queer sort of mentality.

One evening Akhtar Ali and some other political prisoners were sitting by the tower with the Superintendent when the prison doctor arrived. All the chairs were occupied. Nobody got up when the doctor arrived, nor did anybody offer him a chair. The Superintendent very rudely told everybody to get up and go away. The superintendent's rude behaviour hurt and shocked me, but they themselves did not seem to mind it. The next day I saw them all standing by the office door, begging the guard to get permission for them to go and sit by the tower again!

The Lion and the Sheep

IN 1924, a few days before I was due to be released the warder told me that I was to be transferred to Peshawar. A police escort took me to the station and we travelled as far as Khairabad, where we got down, and where I was handed over to the Peshawar police. They had a car waiting for me to carry me for the rest of the way, but at Mardan the tyre punctured and we had to leave the car there. We then took a tonga to Char-saddah where I was produced before the Assistant Commissioner, who, at that time, was Dilawar Khan. He ordered the police to take me to my village and release me there. When we arrived at Utmanzai they set me free very near my school. The school time was just over and the boys were coming out. When they saw me they all came running towards me and surrounded me.

The people had planned to go to Attock to welcome me. From there I was to be brought back to Utmanzai on horseback in procession. But the Government was

not in favour of such a big reception; they thought it would give too much publicity to me. So they released me a few days earlier than was expected and thus nipped the plan in the bud.

During the three years I had spent in prison my people had taken a considerable step forward. Our school had made very good progress. The credit for this success must go entirely to the boys and the teachers. After my arrest they had gone all out to serve the country. They had taken real advantage of my imprisonment and their unstinted labour was a blessing to the community.

The anniversary of our school was near, in fact it had been postponed till my release. It was a great success. Thousands of people attended and everyone was full of love and enthusiasm. Speeches were made, poems were recited, and on behalf of the people I was presented with a gift, and the title *Fakhr-e-Afghan** was bestowed upon me. When I was asked to make a speech I told the gathering the story of the lion cub and the sheep.

"One day a lioness attacked a flock of sheep. She was pregnant and during the attack she gave birth to a cub. The lioness died and her cub was left with the flock of sheep. One of the ewes adopted the cub and it grew up among the sheep. It grazed with the sheep and learnt to bleat like a sheep. One day a lion from the forest came and attacked the sheep. The lion was very surprised to see a lion cub, running hither and thither with the frightened sheep, bleating like a sheep and obviously as afraid of him as the sheep. He tried to go near the cub, but it ran away. At last he succeeded in separating the lion cub from the flock and he took it to a pool. 'Look in the water,' he told the cub, 'and see

* Pride of the Pathans.

your reflection. You are not a sheep, you are a lion! Stop being afraid, stop bleating like a sheep. Roar like a lion!"

"Oh Pathans," I said when I had finished the story. "Oh Pathans, so also I say to you: You are not sheep, you are lions! You are lions, but you have been brought up in slavery. Stop bleating like sheep. Roar like lions!"

My speech must have annoyed the Government but the people were delighted. And when the meeting came to an end they all went back to their villages; the words: "Roar like lions!" still echoing in their ears.

In May 1926 my elder sister was going on Haj and she requested me to go with her. I agreed and both my wife and I accompanied her.

We left by steamer from Karachi. Though we had tried hard we had not been able to get either first or second class accommodation, that had all been booked well in advance. So we were obliged to travel third class. It was very hot and the third class was crowded. Almost as soon as the ship left Karachi we became seasick and we could not touch any food. When the ship anchored at Cameron we went ashore and had a meal. The ship left the next morning, but then I was struck down with influenza. An Arab second class passenger—may God reward him—very kindly took me to his cabin and gave me his own berth, and thus saved my life. When we disembarked at Jeddah, I had recovered.

A guide was waiting for us and took us to his place. We had a lot of luggage and because of the guide's carelessness it was left behind on the ship. We never recovered it. Quite possibly the guide himself had stolen it.

The next day we left Jedda and went to Mecca. In Mecca the days were unbearably hot and the nights bitterly cold. Most pilgrims were not used to that kind of climate and they suffered very much. Many fell seriously ill and died.

It was the year when Saudi Arabia had taken possession of Mecca and defeated the Sheriff of Mecca. The Saudi Arabian Government ruled with an iron hand and soon peace was established everywhere. During the reign of the Sheriff of Mecca there was great unrest in the country; caravans of pilgrims were robbed and the Sheriff himself used to take a share of the loot.

That year Saudi Arabia had invited Mohammed Ali, Shaukat Ali, Zafar Ali Khan and many other leaders from India to take part in a conference of Muslims from all over the world. They arrived while I was in Mecca and I also participated in the conference, which, however, served no particular purpose. No problem of any importance was discussed and instead of promoting harmony the conference ended in discord.

After the Haj my sister went to Medina, and from there she returned home. I was still suffering from the after-effect of influenza and so my wife and I decided to go to Taif, which is a very pleasant and cool place and where I hoped to regain my health.

All the beautiful bungalows the Turks built in Taif have now fallen into ruins.

We were fortunate, for on the way to Taif we met a Pathan who lived there, and he took us to his very comfortable home where we spent a few peaceful and happy days. Both he and his wife spoke Pashtu, but not their children.

One day I had an interesting experience. I was taking a walk outside the town when a long-bearded

man in an embroidered robe called me: "Oh Sheikh! Come here!" When I was quite near he said:

"I can show you a hair from the beard of the Prophet and a stone that bears his footprint."

I replied: "I have not come here to see relics, I have come here to look for the patience and the courage of the Holy Prophet, who braved the journey through the desert from Mecca and came here for the welfare of the people of Taif. And how did the people of Taif receive him? They threw stones at him, set their dogs at him and beat him. But in spite of all this cruelty the Prophet did not despair of the people, but he prayed for them, saying: "Oh God, be Thou their Guide and show them Thy ways."

The bearded gentleman did not reply.

From Taif we returned to Mecca where we spent a few days; then we went to Jedda and a few days later to Medina.

We were six men and four women in our caravan. Of course there were no motorcars there in those days. We rode camels and travelled by night. All around us was desert, silence and peace.

We stayed in Medina for a few days and from there we intended to go to Jerusalem. We first went to Rabak which is only a small town, where we boarded a ship that took us to Suez and we covered the last lap of our journey to Jerusalem by train.

A very sad thing happened in Jerusalem. My wife fell down a staircase and died. She left me two children, a son and a daughter. Losing my life's companion so suddenly was a terrible shock to me. I never married again, though I was still a young man. I decided that there would be no room for another marriage in my life of dedication to the service of my country.

I spent several days in Palestine and visited all the famous and historical places. Then I travelled in Lebanon, Syria and Iraq. ' I made pilgrimages to Najf and Karbala and after a few days' stay at Baghdad I went to Basra and took a steamer to Karachi. But what a difference there was between this ship and the ship we had started our journey on! This time I travelled in comfort.

I stayed at Karachi for only a few days and then returned to Utmanzai.

Experiments with Journalism

OUR province could not boast of even one national newspaper. Therefore I planned to publish a journal for the Pakhtuns in their own language, Pashtu, a national journal in the true sense of the word. I had to put in a great deal of hard work, but finally, in May 1928, my efforts bore fruit, and the first issue of *Pakhtun** appeared.

At that time the Pakhtuns did not have much feeling or love for their own language. In fact, they hardly knew that Pashtu was their national language. A nation is known and recognized by its language and without a language of its own a nation cannot really be called a nation. A nation that forgets its own language will

**Pakhtun* became to the North West Frontier Province what Gandhiji's *Harijan* was to India. Badshah Khan used it to spread his ideas and also to make important announcements. It was banned by the British and the Pakistan Government forbade its publication. It earned a good name for itself during its brief span of life.

eventually disappear from the map altogether.

It is a great pity that the Pakhtuns were so careless that wherever they settled they learnt to speak the local language and gave up speaking their own. They never thought of teaching others their language. They were not even interested in reading or writing their own language.

Leave alone illiterate people, when I asked the educated Pakhtuns to subscribe to a Pashtu newspaper, their own newspaper in their own language after all, they said :

“Has anything worthwhile ever been written in Pashtu?”

I replied : “If it hasn’t, surely that is not the fault of the Pashtu language. Look at any other language in the world and you will see that it has grown and developed from the level of our own language. No language has ever dropped ready-made from the sky. But in other countries there were people who cherished their language, who worked for its development and enrichment. A language does not develop by magic, though our English-educated scholars seem to think so. Who among us has ever cherished and loved our language enough to make an effort to develop and enrich it? Certainly not the *mullahs*. They are never tired of telling the people that Pashtu was the language spoken in hell. And nobody had enough sense or intelligence to ask the *mullahs* how they knew this or when they had last been in hell.”

These were the conditions and the mentality of the people when the first issue of *Pakhtun* came out. The journal rapidly gained popularity and soon Pakhtuns all over the country and indeed all over the world were taking out subscriptions. Pakhtuns living in America

not only helped in the publication of the journal and in enlarging its circulation, but they also gave substantial financial help.

I have been told that in the time of King Amanullah *Pakhtun* became very popular in Afghanistan. It made the people aware of their own language. They came to love it and were interested in it to such an extent that King Amanullah and some of his friends were soon publishing a Pashtu journal of their own, called *Jagh Pakhtun*.

Amanullah Khan had become so pro-Pashtu that he ordered all Government employees to learn the language. He gave them three years to accomplish this and then he wanted to make Pashtu the national language. The British viewed this development with disfavour. Only nine issues of *Jagh Pakhtun* had come out, when they intervened. They used the *mullahs*, the elders, the religious leaders and the theologians to create disturbances in the country by pronouncing King Amanullah a *kafir*. They gave him no peace till he left the country and went to Italy. They did not realise how much harm they were doing to themselves.

King Amanullah was ever dreaming of the welfare of his people and all his efforts were directed towards making them prosperous. He was always working for the progress of the country, and the happiness of his people. But they rose up against him, as if he were not their friend but their enemy, and finally they drove him out of the country.

Such gross ingratitude is a sin before God and He has punished them for it. He gave them Bacha Sakka. Instead of making progress the Afghans saw their country fall into decline.

We felt the destruction of Afghanistan as if it were

our own ruin. And actually the British led Afghanistan into ruin because of us. We were deeply impressed and affected by the progress we saw in Afghanistan and the British did not like that; neither did they want us to follow their example.

We tried to help Afghanistan, with men and money, as far as was possible and we continued to do so till Nadir Khan came into power. I went to India during that time to get moral and financial support for the cause of Afghanistan.

In Punjab I met Dr. Iqbal, Zafar Ali Khan, Mulk Lal Khan and other Muslim leaders. After I had visited Dr. Iqbal my Khilafat colleagues in Lahore asked me:

“Why did you go and see Dr. Iqbal? He is of no use. He is a poet and all that he does is writing quatrains and odes!”

I was very surprised, therefore, to see that the same Punjabi (now Pakistani) leaders and newspapers who did not have a good word for Dr. Iqbal when he was alive, never tired of singing his praises now that he is no more. They even say that he was the creator of the idea of Pakistan. This is not the fault of the Punjabi Muslims. Nations that are alive value and honour the living, and the dying nations value and honour the dead. We Muslims have always honoured the dead, but we are not even aware that many great men, worthy of honour, are living among us today.

From Lahore I went to Lucknow, where a Congress meeting was being held. Gandhiji and Jawaharlal Nehru were also attending this meeting. This was in 1928 and it was the first time I had the privilege of meeting them both. Until then I did not know them at all, but my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, was very friendly with Jawaharlal, because they used to live in the same

place in England and they had studied at the University together. My brother had given me a letter of introduction to Nehru.

Chowdhury Khalique ul Zaman had invited Jawaharlal to dinner after the meeting and he very kindly took me along too. After dinner Nehru and I had a lengthy discussion about Afghanistan.

From Lucknow I went to Delhi. On Friday when I went to the mosque to say my prayers, I met Maulana Mohammed Ali there. He was a fine man, and he has always been very kind to me. But his brother Shaukat Ali was a different man. He had great influence over Mohammed Ali, and he used to misguide him. That annoyed me and therefore I tried to avoid meeting Mohammed Ali. But one day, when he saw me, he came up to me and said, smiling happily:

"We don't really care for Pathans, you know!"

I gave him tit for tat and said:

"And we don't really care for leaders who allow themselves to be misguided by others."

"And," I added, "Maulana Saheb, what you are saying about Amanullah Khan is precisely what the British are saying about him."

This seemed to shake him, for he threw his arms around me and said:

"Brother, will you please tell me the true facts?"

Then he took me home with him.

The truth was that when Amanullah Khan was about to leave for Europe, Shaukat Ali gave a magnificent reception for him, and delivered an address in his honour. After the party, when farewell had been said, people told me that Amanullah had not given Shaukat Ali as much money as he expected and therefore Shaukat Ali was annoyed with the King.

The Khudai Khidmatgars

A FEW days later, when I was back at Utmanzai, I received a telegram from Nadir Khan informing me that he had conquered Kabul. This made me very happy.

To celebrate the victory we took out two processions, one from the northern end of Hashtnagar and one from the southern end. The two processions met at Utmanzai where we held a big meeting. Many patriotic poems were recited, and speeches were made. I, too, made a speech.

I told the Pathans: "There are two ways to national progress: one is the path of religion, and the other is the road of patriotism. Even if you have not yet acquired much education," I said "you have all heard of America and Europe. The people in those continents and countries may not be very religious, but they do have a sense of patriotism, love for their nation, and social consciousness. And look at the progress that has been made there. Then take a look at ourselves!

“We have hardly learned to stand on our own feet yet. Look at their standard of living and then take a look at ours.

“If we are on the road to ruin, it is because we have neither the true spirit of religion, nor the true spirit of patriotism, of love for our nation, nor have we developed any social consciousness. A great revolution is coming and you haven’t even heard about it.

“I have just returned from India and one thing I saw there has impressed me very much. I saw that both men and women there are ready to serve their country and their people. And here? Leave alone your women, even your men do not show any desire to serve. They hardly seem to understand the meaning of the word “nation” or “national”.

“A revolution is like a flood, it can bring blessings, but it can also bring devastation; it can bring fertility and prosperity, but it can also bring ruin. Only a nation that is wide awake, whose people are aware of themselves as a nation, where all live together as brothers, in harmony and love, only that nation, I tell you, will benefit by the revolution.

“A revolution is like a flood. If the people are vigilant they will be ready for the flood and when it comes the whole nation will move along with it. And like the flood, when it subsides, it leaves fertile fields behind, so the revolution, when it is over, leaves the ground clear for the reconstruction of the nation. But if the people are asleep, indifferent to each other and indifferent to the country, the whole nation will be swept away by the flood, by the revolution when it comes. Oh Pathans! Take a look at the developed countries of the world. Do you think their prosperity has just dropped from the sky? It has not, you know, no more than our

prosperity will drop from heaven! Then how is it, you may ask, that they are prosperous and we are not? I will tell you and please think this over. The secret of their prosperity is that in those countries there are men and women who sacrifice their luxuries, their pleasures and their comfort for the sake of the prosperity of the nation. If we can produce such men and women, we shall be prosperous too.

“Please remember this: if the nation prospers it will affect everyone; every man, woman, and child will benefit thereby. Don’t think that by acquiring riches for yourselves your country will become prosperous. It will not. In other countries people have learnt that no man is an island, but in our country everyone lives in a dream world of his own. Like the animals. Any animal can find a place to live, find a mate, rear its young. Can we call ourselves the crown of creation if we do just that and nothing more? Therefore I want to impress this upon your minds: if you want your country and your people to prosper you must stop living for yourselves alone, you must start living for the community. That is the only way to prosperity and progress.

“I have been told that Amanullah Khan used to call himself the revolutionary King of the Pakhtuns. And indeed it was he who inspired us with the idea of the revolution. But the Afghans did not take as much advantage of it as we did, because they were asleep and we were beginning to wake up.”

The meeting had a marked effect on the people. The next day a young man came to see me and told me that he wanted to found an organisation, devoted to the service of the Pakhtun people and to social reform.

As a matter of fact, we already had the *Islam-ul-Afa-*

ghami, the organisation we had started for the spreading of education in our province. In our opinion this was very important work and we thought that the organisation should continue to concentrate on education. But we realized that there were many weaknesses in our social system, and we felt that we ought to start a movement that would help to make people more socially conscious.

And that is how the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement was founded.

We did not want this movement to have anything to do with politics, but later on the cruel oppression the British subjected us to, made it impossible for the movement to keep away from politics.

And, strange though it may seem, it is a fact that the British brought the Congress and us together.

Factions, feuds, and social evils were rife among the Pathans. Families were always quarrelling amongst themselves and taking each other to court and a lot of money that could have been spent on good food and decent clothes was wasted on all these bad habits. And not only money, we also wasted precious time that could be spent in developing our trade and agriculture.

All these things were discussed at great length and eventually, in 1929 we were able to found the kind of organisation we wanted. We decided to call it the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement (Servants of God movement). Our motive for choosing that name was that we wanted to awaken in the Pathans the idea of service and the desire to serve their country and their people in the name of God, an idea and a desire which was sadly lacking among them.

Another thing was that the Pathans were inclined to be violent and their violence was directed against their

own countrymen, against their own kith and kin, against their closest relations. They were like smouldering embers, always ready to flare up and inflict harm and injury on their own brethren.

One of their worst characteristics was their habit of taking revenge. They badly needed to change their anti-social customs, to check their violent outbursts, and to practise good behaviour. And this was what we thought the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement could and would do.

Anyone aspiring to become a *Khudai Khidmatgar* had to take this solemn vow :

“I am a *Khudai Khidmatgar*, and as God needs no service, but serving His creation is serving Him, I promise to serve humanity in the name of God.

“I promise to refrain from violence and from taking revenge. I promise to forgive those who oppress me or treat me with cruelty.

“I promise to refrain from taking part in feuds and quarrels and from creating enmity.

“I promise to treat every Pathan as my brother and friend.

“I promise to refrain from anti-social customs and practices.

“I promise to live a simple life, to practise virtue and to refrain from evil.

“I promise to practise good manners and good behaviour, and not to lead a life of idleness. I promise to devote at least two hours a day to social work ”

Meetings and Conferences

A KHILAFAT Conference was held at Calcutta in December 1928 in which we also participated. There were many Peshawaris in Calcutta, mostly fruit vendors.

When the Khilafat Conference had started I began to notice that there was great antagonism between the Punjabis and Mohammed Ali and Shaukat Ali.

The Punjabis are strange people. To give you an example: One day in the *Zamindar* office I said to Akhtar Ali Khan: "Listen! You and I are good friends, aren't we? So if all the other papers in Punjab write against me, I have at least one friend who doesn't want to give the Punjabis the wrong impression about me!"

He laughed and said: "We newspapermen have no feeling of charity for either the Punjabi or the Indian leaders. We insult them both if it makes a good story."

The Punjabis played the same game at the Subjects Committee meeting at Calcutta one evening. I was sitting on the platform with the other leaders. One of

the Punjabi leaders was speaking. In the course of his speech he criticised Mohammed Ali, who was sitting beside me. Mohammed Ali could not bear this and he became very angry. He got up and flung some abusive remarks at the speaker. Whereupon another Punjabi leader who was sitting near us on the platform jumped on his feet and waving about a knife which he had suddenly produced from somewhere began to rail at Mohammed Ali. Pandemonium broke out on the platform.

Fortunately a large number of Pathans were attending the meeting. We all got up, and managed to stop the fighting and rescue Mohammed Ali. If we had not been there to intervene he might have been seriously wounded.

It appeared that Mohammed Ali was displeased with the Hindus, and in his presidential address at the Khilafat Conference he had said some very unpleasant things about the Hindus and rudely criticised their society, their traditions, and their customs. This kind of criticism was very unbecoming of a leader, and it spoilt the conference for me. Therefore, I decided to attend the Congress session, which was being held at Calcutta at the same time as the Khilafat Conference.

It was the first time I attended a Congress meeting. As it happened, here, too, the Subjects Committee meeting was in progress. Gandhiji was addressing the meeting. A conceited young man in the audience kept on heckling him. But Gandhiji did not get angry, he just laughed and went on talking. The young man interrupted again and again, but Gandhiji only laughed. This made a deep impression on me, and when I returned to my lodging, I told my companions about it.

"If only our Muslim leaders could remain as calm

and unperturbed as Gandhiji, the leader of the Hindus," I said.

We thought we ought to speak to Mohammed Ali about this; so the next day a few of us went to see him.

("Mohammed Ali Sahel. " I said, "we all respect you as the leader of the Muslims. I want to tell you about an experience I had yesterday. I attended the meeting of the Congress Subjects Committee and I heard Gandhiji deliver a speech. A young man in the audience kept on heckling in a most unpleasant way. But Gandhiji just laughed off and went on speaking. He did not get excited, he never even changed the tempo of his speech.)

"Mohammed Ali Sahel, you are our leader. We all look up to you, you are superior to all of us. But you would be even more superior if you could develop some of that patience and self-control that Gandhiji displayed."

Mohammed Ali Sahel did not react as we had hoped he would. He became very annoyed and said :

"And who do you think you are, you Pathans from the back of beyond, to come and tell me how to behave?"

Then he got up and left the room.

We were very disappointed and hurt.

After that I did not want to attend the Khilafat Conference any more. So I went back home.

In December 1929 the Congress session was to be held at Lahore. Many people from our province were going to attend the session and I also went. At the meeting it was impressed upon us that the Pathan women, too, could play a part in the service of the country and the nation; and that they were ready and eager to do so. All of us, the Frontier people, who were attending

the session held a meeting amongst ourselves to discuss the idea.

At this Congress session it was also decided that we must work towards the complete independence of India.

When we returned to our villages, we started work with great enthusiasm. We went from village to village, talked to the people, founded *jirgas**, enlisted *Khudai Khidmatgars*. The movement spread to all parts of the province, even among the tribes, and soon it became so popular that *jirgas* and *Khudai Kidmatgars* were established in every village we visited.

Perhaps the best effect our movement had was that it removed from people's hearts the fear of the British Government and inspired them with new hope and courage.

Not only did the police and the C.I.D. keep an eye on us when we were touring the villages, but sometimes the British themselves attended our meetings. And they were astonished at the great revolution our movement had started. They sometimes asked me what kind of magic spell I had exercised on the Pathans. And they were well aware of the danger to themselves.

For a few months the Government patiently watched what we were doing, but took no action. During these months we worked day and night to extend the movement to the farthest corner of the province.

About three months after the movement had been founded, an order came from the Chief Commissioner: "The organisation you are running all over the country must be disbanded immediately!"

In my reply I said: "Our organisation is purely social; it is not a political movement."

*Assembly of elders

“Actually,” I continued, “what we are doing ought to be done by the Government of the country. If you cannot take over the social work our movement is doing, you ought at least to give us all the help you can, rather than stop us!”

The Chief Commissioner said: “Your work may be purely social at the moment, but what guarantee have I that once you have trained the Pathans, you will not use them against us?”

I told him that guarantees between peoples must be based on trust.

“If you are prepared to trust us,” I said, “we shall also trust you and we shall do nothing against you. I can see a revolution coming in this country. A revolution is like a flood. We are training the Pathans to be prepared for it, so that they will not be swept away with the flood, when it comes.”

But the British would not trust us. In April 1930 there was a mass meeting of *Khudai Khidmatgars* at Utmanzai. After the meeting I was going to Peshawar, but on the way there, at Naki Thana, I was arrested and taken back to Charsadda.

Mian Ahmed Shah, who was our president, Abdul Akbar Khan, our secretary, Salar Sarfraz Khan and Haji Shah Nawaz Khan, the organisers of the meeting, were also arrested.

My arrest had one remarkable consequence which I would like to mention here. When I was arrested at Naki Thana, there were no *Khudai Khidmatgars* volunteer with me. The people of Naki Thana were very angry and they said: “It is a disgrace that the British have arrested Badshah Khan in our district.”

They expressed their anger and indignation in a way which made me very happy: they all became *Khudai*

Khidmatgars, and that gave wide publicity to the movement. It also put me up by a few degrees in the esteem of the British. This was April 23. The story of Qissa Khana Bazaar deserves to be recorded in the annals of the freedom movement in golden letters.

When the British troops and their armoured cars arrived in the town to suppress the uprising, Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims stood shoulder to shoulder, forming a human wall. The troops drove their armoured cars straight into this wall of men, breaking it up and crushing several people to death. Suddenly a young man set one of the cars on fire, the fire spread and four cars were reduced to ashes. Then the soldiers opened fire, and sent bullets in all directions. The people faced all this bravely and many sacrificed their lives.

This was also the memorable day when the Garhwali troops gave testimony of their love for their country and their people by refusing to fire at the crowd. The heroic sacrifice of so many patriots and the courage shown by the Garhwali troops will never be blotted out from the nation's memory.

After this unforgettable day, 23rd April, firing was again resorted to on 31st May. It started with the killing of Sardar Ganga Singh's two innocent children. The children's mother was injured and Sardar Ganga Singh was dismissed from the Government service.

The news of my arrest spread like wild fire. Some of my colleagues in Peshawar were arrested on the same day and when it became known riots started in Qissa Khan Bazaar. The police opened fire and a number of people fell as martyrs for our cause.

At Charsadda thousands of people collected to demonstrate their anger. They surrounded the lock-up. But because we had taught them to be non-violent, and

because my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, also arrived and spoke to the people, no violence occurred at Charsadda.

In the evening a motorcar came to take us away. The cavalry had come out from Mardan, and, with escorts in front and behind, we set out. We reached Mardan the same evening and were promptly locked up.

The next morning we were taken to Rishalpur where we were produced before Khan Bahadur Qazi Khan, the District Magistrate. He sentenced all of us to three years' rigorous imprisonment under Section 40 of Frontier Crimes Regulation.

From Risalpur we were taken to the Gujarat prison in Punjab, where we found our colleagues from Peshawar, Ali Gul Khan, Sayyed Lal Badshah, who had been taken there earlier. Political leaders from Punjab, from Delhi and the Frontier were there too. All of them, whether Sikh, Hindu, or Muslim, were serious thinkers. Never, in any other prison, has it been my good fortune to spend such happy days in the congenial company of learned religious and political leaders. It was of the greatest benefit to me. The discussions we had here left a deep impression on me that can never be blotted out.

Dr. Ansari formed our own Parliament for us in the prison. He felt that it would not be long before we would have our own Government and we should prepare ourselves to run the country. He taught us how a Parliament works. Dr. Gopichand ordered many books on a variety of subjects for us, which Shyam Lalji, leader from Rohtak, used to read out to us. Hansraj was there too, and whenever his wife visited him she used to bring all kinds of nice food for us.

Pandit Jagat Ram of Haryana and I conducted classes on the Bhagwat Gita and the Koran, and through our

efforts the Hindus among us learned about the Koran and the Muslims became familiar with the Gita.

There was constant rivalry between Zafar Ali Khan and Dr. Kitchlew for the Premiership, and they vied to win over the Frontier people, for the leader we voted for always won the Premiership.

There was also one Seth Saheb, who used to make *pakorās*, and share them among us, nice and hot. Devdas Gandhi too was imprisoned with us for a few months. Mufti Kefayat-ullah Saheb used to prepare very tasty *dal*, but used to put in too much of chillies.

One day a Sikh fellow-prisoner said to the Superintendent :

“There is no *jhatka* (slaughtering of animals according to Sikh custom) done in Gujarat town. We Sikhs are meat-eaters and we would be very grateful for your permission to get some chickens and kill them here.

The Superintendent replied : “The Frontier Muslims would not like it.”

Then one of the Sikh leaders came to me and said :

“The Superintendent says that you people object to *jhatka*, and that you would be against our killing of chickens here, even if we were given official permission.”

I replied : “Sardarji, you people will do the slaughtering, won’t you? And you people will eat the chicken?”

“Yes,” the Sikh replied.

“Well then,” I said, “how can we object? You can go ahead. As far as we are concerned, you have our permission!”

Then I called my companions together, and we discussed the question. Only Sayyed Lal Badshah voted against *jhatka* inside the prison.

“Sayyed Saheb,” I said, “how would you feel if any-

one in this prison said he was against *halal* (the Muslim way of slaughtering animals)."

"But that is part of our religion," he said, "why should anyone object to our religious customs?"

"Well, " I said, "*jha.'a* is part of their religion and therefore it is not proper for us to be against it."

Then Sayyed Saheb understood and he withdrew his opposing vote.

Persecution of the Red Shirts

WHILE we were in prison the people at home suffered under a new wave of tyranny and oppression, which the Government had launched. They had practically blockaded the whole province and nobody was allowed to leave it, lest he carried any complaint abroad, and the world become aware of the cruelties the British were inflicting upon the Pathans. No outsiders were allowed to enter the Province either, lest they see the condition people were living in.

Two of my colleagues Mian Jafar Shah and Mian Abdullah Shah managed to get out and after a hazardous journey, and crossing the river Indus they came to visit me in prison. I was given special permission to see them, for normally I was not allowed to see visitors.

They reported to me the conditions in the Frontier province. They said they had been sent to ask me to give up the movement. They said the British wanted to crush the Pathans and destroy their very existence. They told me that after I and my colleagues had been

arrested and locked up in the Gujarat prison, the army arrived and surrounded Utmanzai. Then the soldiers went to the *Khudai Khidmatgar* office building, and they climbed up the walls to the first floor where the office was. They got hold of all the *Khudai Khidmatgars* in the office and threw them down the road. My son Wali, who was fourteen years old then, had gone to the *Khudai Khidmatgar* office after school hours and was sitting with the men. One of the soldiers pointed a bayonet at him. But a Muslim soldier stretched out his hand in front of the bayonet and saved Wali. Then Hassan Khan took Wali by the hand and led him downstairs.

The soldiers set on fire the *Khudai Khidmatgar* office and reduced it to ashes. Then they went into the village, arrested everyone who was wearing the red *Khudai Khidmatgar* shirt, and beat their prisoners mercilessly.

The Deputy Commissioner was going round shouting, angrily and arrogantly: "Are there any more Red Shirts?"

People were so frightened that nobody dared utter a word. A Khan from Utmanzai, Mohammed Abbas Khan, was standing there and he heard the Deputy Commissioner roar at the crowd. He ran home, put some red colouring in a tub of water and quickly dipped his shirt and the shirts of his servants in it. The clothes were still dripping wet when he and his servants put them on and ran back to where the soldiers were. Standing in front of them he said to the Deputy Commissioner: "Yes, there are some more Red shirts, here we are!"

Mohammed Abbas Khan had not been officially enlisted as a *Khudai Khidmatgar*, in fact he was

a little impatient with us. But his patriotism had inspired him to this brave act. Of course the army arrested him too. But his courage, and his sacrifice were a source of inspiration to the Pathans. Whatever oppression and tyranny the British chose to inflict on them, they would not give up their red shirts. On the contrary, the movement grew day by day. On the day of the meeting there were about five hundred *Khudai Khidmatgars* in Utmanzai. When I was released from prison and returned home there were fifty thousand!

As a matter of fact, it was the British themselves who made propaganda for our movement. They took the troops to the villages. Then they told the men to come out and they made them sit in the burning sun. After a while they asked them to put their thumb prints to a declaration, stating that they were not *Khudai Khidmatgars*.

"But we really are not *Khudai Khidmatgars*," said the villagers, and they were telling the truth!

The British said: "Never mind, we want your thumb prints all the same."

The men still refused, and not only that, but they were so disgusted with the British that they gave cold shoulder to anyone who dared to put his thumb print to the declaration.

Only one man weakened and gave in to the demand. When he got home his wife was washing clothes.

"How is it that you have come home?" she asked him. "Nobody else has!"

"They let me go," he said.

"Why did they let you go and not the others?" asked the wife, and, getting suspicious, she added: "Show me your thumb!"

When she saw the traces of printing ink on his thumb,

she knew what had happened.

She lifted the club she was using to beat the clothes, and drove her husband out of the house.

"Disgraceful!" she cried. "If you are not ashamed of yourself, I am; I will not stay with a man who lets the British have his thumb print. I am going!"

The man ran back to where the other villagers were sitting and sat down with them again. The British asked him why he had come back.

"My wife will not let me stay in the house," he said.

There was another incident like this. Haji Shah Nawaz Khan, from our village, who was in prison with us, furnished security and thus got himself released. When he returned home, everyone sneered at him, and gave him cold shoulder. He became so ashamed of himself that he took his own life.

When the friends, who had come to visit me in prison, had told me all these things, we decided that they must not return to the village. Instead, they were to go to Lahore, Delhi, and Simla, where they would contact our friends in the Muslim League, and inform them of the situation in the Frontier Province and ask for their help. And if they could not help, they could at least acquaint the world with the terrible conditions in the Frontier Province.

A few months later these friends came to see me again. They told me that they had travelled a great deal, and that they had talked to prominent Muslim League leaders, but without any success. The Muslim leaders, they said, were not prepared to help us, because we were opposing the British, and they could not, therefore, take our side. The British, they said, were protecting them in order that they could fight the Hindus.

Until then we had not joined the Congress, nor did

we have any connection with them. Now we were desperate. A drowning man has no choice but to catch any straw to save himself. We were very disappointed with the Muslim League. So we asked our two friends to contact the Congress leaders and request them to help us.

In their meeting with the Congress leaders our friends were told that the Congress would be prepared to give us all possible help, if we, from our side, would agree to join them in the struggle for the freedom of India.

When our friends brought this message to us we asked them to return to the Frontier Province and put this proposal before the Provincial *Jirga* of the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement. This they did. The *Jirga* accepted the proposal and announced that they were joining the Congress.

When the news of the Pathans joining hands with the Congress reached the British, they realized how foolish they had been. They sent me a message asking me to co-operate with them in bringing about reforms.

"The Frontier Province," the message said, "will immediately enjoy all the reforms that have been brought about in India, and in future we will do even more for you than we are doing for India. But on the condition that you resign from the Congress."

I called a meeting of all the political prisoners, Muslims as well as Hindus and Sikhs. I told them the whole story and asked them what they would advise us to do. A number of them advised me to take advantage of this opportunity.

"Be diplomatic," they said, "and accept the British terms."

But I told them that I could not be such a hypocrite. "Besides," I said, "we cannot depend on the British.

And we cannot now break our promise to the Congress.”

Therefore my reply to the Government was :

“You have no confidence in us, therefore we cannot have any confidence in you.”

The Siege of Bannu

NOW that we had joined hands with the Congress, the Speaker of the Central Assembly, Vithalbhai Patel, sent a delegation to the Frontier Province to enquire into the recent incidents.

At Attock bridge the delegates were stopped by the Government police and were told that they could not enter the Province. They then went to Rawalpindi and started their investigations there. They wrote a long report on the atrocities that had been committed in the Frontier Province. The pro-Congress papers all over India published this report and began making propaganda for us. The British Government seized the report but the Congress had already sent a large number of copies to America and England, where they were distributed among the people.

In May, after the firing in Peshawar had taken place, the *Khudai Khidmatgars* were again fired on in the village of Takkar in Mardan district, and many people were killed. The *hujra* of the *Khudai Khidmatgar*

leader was set on fire, as well as the village club building of Khan Ghulam Mohammed Khan of Lundkhwar. Many other houses, too, were reduced to ashes and many people were arrested.

After that the army went to Hathikhel in Bannu* district, and rained bullets on a peaceful meeting of *Waziris*, and several people lost their lives. Others

*In those days the nationalist movement in Dera Ismail Khan was also very strong, and it was arousing great interest in the surrounding villages. In many places, such as Tank, Kulachi, Gulaman, Gulbazaar and Panpali, people were enthusiastically joining the movement. In the towns of Dera Ismail Khan, Mardan, Attock, etc., women and children were organising processions. One day a very long and splendid procession was winding its way through the market places and bylanes of the town when the Inspector General of Police, Mr. Isemonger, ordered the procession to disperse.

When the women refused to do this, he became very angry. He took out his revolver and aimed it at the crowd. Suddenly a young Sikh, Bhagwan Singh, jumped at Mr. Isemonger, caught him by the hand in which he was holding the revolver and said :

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, wanting to shoot at women?" The Inspector General's hand began to tremble, the revolver fell to the ground, and, completely unnerved, he ran away towards the dak bungalow. A soldier picked up the revolver.

The Government's revenge on Bhagwan Singh's act of gallantry came in August 1931, when he was falsely accused of having committed murder. However, after having spent a considerable time in various prisons, he had to be released for lack of evidence.

In 1931, the Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ismail Khan was Col. Noel, as cunning an Englishman as the famous Col. Lawrence. Somehow he had found out that Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, who had just completed a tour of the districts of Kohat and Bannu, was on his way to Dera Ismail Khan. He did not want Badshah Khan to be given any sort of reception, neither did he want his tour to be successful, so he tried to enlist the help of some of his loyal and trusted nawabs and noblemen to sabotage any such programme.

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were arrested and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Then Bannu town was besieged and all exits and entrances closed, so that nobody could leave the town, not even on urgent business. Bannu depended on the villages for its supply of food and it was exactly for that reason that the town was blockaded. The Deputy Commissioner thought that if the people were starved they would voluntarily turn their backs on the Congress and the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. And the village people would also get alarmed.

In Bannu town as well as in Bannu district the *Khudai Khidmatgars* were working with great zeal and enthu-

(Contd. from p. 114)

But when Badshah Khan arrived in Dera Ismail Khan, all the Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs of the town gave him such a grand reception and took him through the town in such a magnificent procession as had never been heard of in the whole history of the town. And after his visit to the town, Badshah Khan went to every village in the district.

In Kulachi and Dera Ismail Khan the Congress Committee and the *Khudai Khidmatgars* had sealed thousands of rupees worth of foreign textiles in the drapers' shops and sales had been discontinued.

After the Irwin Pact, Gandhiji had given permission to picket the foreign textile shops.

Seeing the popularity and the success of the Congress and the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movements, the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Noel and the Assistant Commissioner, Sheikh Mehboob Ali became very alarmed. Also, these two infamous officers were disappointed with the local nawabs, because they had not been able to stop the historic welcome accorded to Badshah Khan a few months earlier.

So they thought up a new scheme to create hostility between the Hindus and the Muslims, a base and monstrous scheme that was aimed at destroying the effect of Badshah Khan's tour and ruining the reputation of the nationalist movement.

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siasm, and the action of the Deputy Commissioner could not stop that.

There was a stream that ran from the nearby villages into the town. Malik Akbar Ali Khan—God bless him—managed to bring food supplies as well as cattle fodder into the town by means of this stream, and he was able to make arrangements for the protection of the supplies too. Consequently the people of Bannu did not have to face starvation, and human as well as animal lives were saved.

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They sent for Meherban Khan and asked him to hire a few men who, at the Deputy Commissioner's signal, would go to Dera Ismail Khan, dressed in the red shirt of the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. As soon as they arrived in the town they would start to behave in a conspicuously disorderly manner, cause damage to property and beat up people. Of course people would take them for *Khudai Khidmatgars* and they would say that the movement was not disciplined and non-violent after all, and everyone would turn against it.

It looked as if they were going to succeed, for the local nawabs, Khans, and noblemen joined Meherban Khan in this disgraceful and cunning conspiracy. Fires were started in the streets and market places of Dera Ismail Khan, shops and houses were burnt down. Some Hindus and Muslims were beaten up. Soon this Government-instigated trouble spread to other towns and villages. All Dera Ismail Khan went on strike. Everywhere people felt depressed and disillusioned.

Then Badshah Khan came to Dera Ismail Khan again and this noble and sincere man succeeded in pacifying the Hindus and the Muslims. People felt relief again and everybody looked forward to a lasting peace, when the noblemen, instructed by Mr. Noel, interfered again, and spoiled all Badshah Khan's good work.

A few days later the Chief Commissioner arrived and he threatened the people and put such fear into them, that they gave up the strike and stopped the hostilities.

Both the Hindus and the Muslims had made one great mistake.

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We are greatly indebted to the late Malik Ali Akbar Khan, for it was because of his daring that the Deputy Commissioner's shameful and inhuman scheme did not succeed, and he was obliged to lift the siege.

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They had listened to the British, who were responsible for all the trouble and the destruction, but they had not heeded the words of the angels of peace and reconciliation. They had allowed the British to fill their hearts with hatred, and some of it lay smouldering for several years, and then flared up again, when hostilities broke out in 1938.

But in the villages a sense of solidarity and brotherhood prevailed and during the terrible upheaval in 1947 the honour and the property of both Hindus and Muslims were safeguarded wherever there were *Khudai Khidmatgars* in Dera Ismail Khan district.

Uprisings and Suppression

THE Gandhi-Irwin Pact had been concluded. Yet, at the government's order, a meeting at Utmanzai had been fired on.

It happened like this. A meeting of the *K'hudai Khidmatgars* was being held. Troops came and surrounded the meeting hall. They ordered the people to adjourn the meeting and disperse. The people refused, whereupon the soldiers opened fire. Some people were killed.

But our meetings continued to be held, in spite of all the British tyranny and oppression, and the army continued to break them up.

The *Khudai Khidmatgars* said that the Sikhs and the Afridis in the Army were very sympathetic to our cause, but that our brothers, the Bangash and the Khattaks had no mercy on us whatsoever. On the contrary, they used to assault and beat up our people.

When the troops fired at our meeting in Utmanzai, they sent down such a shower of bullets that the audience,

unarmed and defenceless, had no choice but to run away for life.

A strange thing happened. Many women and girls had come to see what the meeting was like. One of them was the young sister of Rabnawaz Khan. This girl was struck by panic, or so it seemed, for instead of running away from the firing she ran straight towards it. Those who were running away from the meeting hall shouted at her :

“Where are you going, sister? Come this way! For God’s sake, look out! Can’t you see what is going on? Stop! Don’t go any further!”

Rabnawaz Khan’s sister shouted back :

“Let me go, please. I am going that way because you are all running away. Let me go. Let a bullet hit me and I shall die, or the British will say that not one among the Pathans is ready to lay down his life for his faith.”

The girl’s courage and pride made such an impression on the other people that they all trooped back into the meeting hall. When the British soldiers saw this they shouted :

“What do you people think you are doing?”

They replied : “We want to take away the bodies of the dead and save them from your hands.”

Such a huge crowd collected that the soldiers found themselves surrounded and became very frightened. The people allowed them to leave but they first wanted to make sure that they were not carrying any of the martyr’s bodies away with them. The British soldiers had to agree and each and every one of them was searched.

Though some of our brothers had been killed, the people of Utmanzai also scored a great victory that day.

It was not only the Frontier people who were annoyed with the British, but the people in the Agencies and the tribal areas, too, were boiling with rage. Therefore the Afridis launched an armed attack on the Makri godown in Peshawar. The Mohmands, the Safis, the Utmankhails, the Mamunds and the Salarzai attacked Shabqadar Dheri, Mathra, and other localities.

These crusaders made Lekandi and Sobankhur their Headquarters, and the hostilities against the British went on for months. Attacks were made in those tribal areas where the British were in absolute power and where they kept troops. But in those tribal areas where the British had not fixed permanent frontiers or where there was an Agency between two frontiers, they approached the British through the *jirgas* and sent them an ultimatum. They demanded that Malang Baba (Gandhiji) and I be released from prison immediately, that the Red Shirts be released and that the Government refrain forthwith from tyrannising and oppressing the Pathans. Unless their demands were complied with, the tribesmen said, they would wage an open and armed war against the British.

All over the tribal areas these uprisings were taking place.

The Tarkani tribe organised a large *jirga*, composed of Mamunds, Salarzais, and Utmankhails. This *jirga* approached the Political Agent at Malakand. Eyewitnesses have told me what happened at that meeting. When the members of the *jirga* arrived at the Agent's house, they found the table laid with sumptuous food and tea. There were also heaps of coins and bundles of currency notes on the table. This show of honouring his guests on the part of the Agent was only

to disguise his hope that greed and the temptation of money might get the better of them. But none of the *jirga* members touched the tea or the dainties, nor even looked at the money. They would rather have spat on it with contempt. The Political Agent wanted to shake hands with one Badshah Khan, but the Khan withdrew his hand and said: "I would not pollute myself by touching a hand that is red with the blood of my brethren."

Badshah Khan, the tribal chief of the Salarzis, was a shining light among his people.

The Political Agent, who wanted to win over the tribal chiefs, said: "If you will kindly allow me some time, I shall forward your demands to the Government of India."

He really did go away later.

The kindness and the affection my tribal brothers showed me, and their love for the nation are still fresh in my memory and will remain fresh as long as I live. Neither the British Government, when it was in power, nor the Pakistani Government after the partition, have ever allowed me to have any connection with my tribal brethren, or to visit them and stay with them, and share their sorrows and happiness.

The British divided this united family of the Pakhtuns, this united country, into different administrative sections. One of them was the Frontier Province where I lived and which used to be called "the Governor's Province".* The second section was the Agencies, that is to say those parts that were subordinate to a Political Agent. The third was those territories that were directly administered by a Political Agent. There were four independent tribal areas.

In fact, the Pathan country was divided into eight parts, of which not one had any legal or administrative connection with Delhi.

The British (and later the Pakistani) motive behind this was the fear that we would establish a firmly united brotherhood. They thought it was safer for them if we remained a collection of small tribes and small territories, separated from each other. The worst tyrants in history could not have thought of a more devastating way of keeping our country and our nation under suppression. Even of Chenghis Khan, who killed thousands of people, it is said: "He came with evil in his mind, but he left welfare in the wake of his armies." But, under the British, and later under the Pakistani policy, hundreds and thousands of Pakhtuns, who, as a united family might have become one of the strongest nations in Asia and done greatest service to mankind, were denied existence and a place in the history of the world.

My only struggle today is against that tyranny and that oppression. What crime has this nation committed? Why should it be erased from the pages of history? Why should a nation of noble, gentle, and respectable men and women be deliberately destroyed? For that is what it amounts to, if such unholy and improper methods are used to keep a nation under subjection.

I have one great dream, one great longing. I want to see all the Pathan tribes, from Baluchistan to Chitral, united into one brotherhood.

I want to see them share each other's sorrow and happiness, I want to see them work together as equal partners. I want to see them play their national role and take their rightful place among the nations of the world, for the service of God and humanity.

Outsiders have presented an entirely false picture of us to the world, and it is with deep grief and sadness in my heart that I have to say this. For one thing, we are completely cut off from the world. All our doors have been closed so that nobody can come near us and see what we are like. Our enemies never stop making propaganda against us; they say that we are savages, that we are uncivilised and goodness knows what else.

How can anybody with any human feelings bear all these false and disparaging remarks about our tribal brethren? Their love of freedom and liberty is described as disregard to law and order, their bravery and courage is called savagery. They do what they like, as and when they like, it is said. Their traditional hospitality and sociability are misrepresented and it is said that they don't hesitate to borrow, or even steal from their guests. They take bribes, it is said, and they do not conform to any rules of good behaviour. A Pathan, it is said, is like an "unbridled camel".

This is a completely false image of the gentle, gallant Pathan tribesmen, presented to the world by the cunning, hostile outsiders. And the selfish governments use it as an excuse to crush the Pathans, to blow them up with bombs, to mow them down with machine-guns, to destroy their hearths and homes.

The last few centuries have been years of darkness for us, years of suffering. From the Moghul to the British period, and from British to Pakistani rule the tribal Pathans have never been treated with equality or dignity. They live in hard and rocky regions, in the lap of the mountains, where the fields are barren and the soil is dry. This is their destiny. The barren soil can neither
' nourish nor support them. Trade is unprofitable

because trade requires good communications and a proper transport system. They have never had an opportunity to learn any art or craft, for that requires long spells of peace and quiet which they have not known for the last few hundred years. They have had to fight wars, they have been subjected to bombing, they have been murdered. Imperialist powers have used their territory as a training ground for their armies, and turned a peaceful country into a battlefield.

They have had to do without schools for the education of their children, they have had no hospitals to nurse the sick. Like flowers in the desert they are born, bloom for a while with nobody to look after them, wither, and return to the dust they came from.

They have neither bread nor water, they have neither land nor gardens. There are no marketplaces, there are no shops. They have none of the necessities of life and often life itself is denied them. I cannot think what the callous, cold-hearted world wants from them!

Instead of looking up to those thousands of beautiful girls and handsome young men with love and admiration, mankind has tyrannised and outraged them. For is it not an outrage to insult and abuse others behind their backs?

I have one great desire. I want to rescue these gentle, brave, patriotic people from the tyranny of the foreigners who have disgraced and dishonoured them. I want to create for them a world of freedom, where they can live in peace, where they can laugh and be happy. I want to kiss the ground where their ruined homes once stood, before they were destroyed by savage strangers. I want to take a broom and sweep the alleys and the lanes, and I want to clean their houses with my own hands. I want to wash away the stains of blood from

their garments. I want to show the world how beautiful they are, these people from the hills and then I want to proclaim: "Show me, if you can, any gentler, more courteous, more cultured people than these."

The Gandhi-Irwin Pact

AFTER the Gandhi-Irwin Pact had been concluded all the political prisoners were released except myself. I remained all alone in the Gujrat prison.

I asked the Superintendent: "Why are you keeping me here?"

He told me that a delegation of Muslim leaders was coming to see me. Among them were Sir Faz'l Hussain and Sahibzada Sir Abdul Qayyum.

I told the Superintendent that I did not want to see them.

"When we were in trouble," I said, "they didn't lift a finger to help us. They had forgotten all about us. Now they have suddenly remembered me. Why? Please ask them not to come, for I don't want to see them."

Meanwhile a delegation of Pathans had gone to see Gandhiji. They told him that I was the only one of all the political prisoners who had not been released.

"This is gross injustice," they said, "and it is only

because Sir Stewart Pears, the Chief Commissioner of the Province, is against his release. He has even gone so far as to write to the Viceroy, saying, "There is no room for both of us in the Frontier Province. Either Abdul Ghaffar Khan goes, or I go."

Gandhiji went to see Lord Irwin and told him that I, too, should be released, because I was a member of the Congress.

Lord Irwin was a very nice man. He said to Gandhiji:

"Do you mean to say that he, a Pathan, believes in non-violence? Impossible. No Pathan does. If they say they do, they are lying. You should go to the Frontier Province and see for yourself how non-violent the Pathans are!"

But in spite of what he said, Lord Irwin saw to it that I was released.

When I returned to the Frontier Province my heart was deeply touched by the condition of the country and by the enthusiasm of the people. I immediately started working again—not a minute was wasted. I wanted to inspire the people with courage and self-confidence. In my lectures and speeches I told them:

"One horn of the British is broken already. Now, Pathans, it is up to you to break the other. Arise! Gird up your loins! This is your country, the country God has given to you and your children. But because of your selfishness, because of the disharmony amongst you, foreigners are occupying your country today. Although God has given them a country of their own, in their greed they have taken your country too. Your children have to go hungry, so that their children may have plenty. Arise, and break the other horn."

The British disliked my lectures and especially my

remarks about the broken horn. They said to my colleagues :

“Don’t you see? He doesn’t want peace or peaceful settlement, he only wants to sow discord. You mark our words, he will create trouble for you.”

“You are all competent men,” they said, “but he is not educated like you are. Don’t you see, you people do all the work and the credit goes to him.”

The British succeeded in influencing some of my colleagues, who went to Mardan and called a meeting at the house of Kazi Atatullah. They asked me to postpone my lecture tour and to stop mentioning the broken horn.

I said : “I see. And what would you like me to tell the people?”

They said : “Tell them that now we have this truce, and we should offer the British the hand of friendship.”

I said : “But that won’t make the Pathans the ardent patriots I want them to be. Besides, a truce is a temporary arrangement. It won’t last. God has now given us this splendid opportunity to work and we should not waste any time.”

But some of my colleagues had become afraid. They would not do any more work, neither would they allow me to work. They thought that if I continued touring and making speeches I would be arrested again and they were afraid that they would also be taken prisoners then. And that was a sacrifice they were not prepared to make.

The All India Congress Committee meeting was being held at Karachi and we had been invited to attend. This was the first time we attended a Congress meeting. About a hundred *Khudai Khidmatgars*, as well as their band, all beautifully dressed in their attractive red uniforms, came with me.

On the way we were able to make propaganda too, for at every halt the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and the band got down the train and attracted great attention. We arrived at Karachi in style.

The Congress had arranged a special and separate camp for us. Our *Khudai Khidmatgars* were very enthusiastic and brave. They had a strong sense of discipline, and therefore they were given the most difficult duties at the Congress session. They acquitted themselves of their tasks so well and with such dignity that soon they became extremely popular, and every one looked upon them with respect.

At this Congress session we had the opportunity to get to know Gandhiji and Jawaharlal Nehru and other Congress leaders, and to discuss problems of national interest with them.

Jawaharlal and I

ONCE I attended a meeting of the working committee, of which I was a member, at the house of Dr. Ansari in Delhi. At that time I had not yet made Jawaharlalji's acquaintance and he did not know me either. Later, of course, we became friends, and we came to know each other's character and temperament.

Well, at that committee meeting Jawaharlalji took me on one side and said :

"We are giving the Peshawar Congresss Committee a monthly allowance of Rs. 500 for their expenses. And we intend to give your *jirga* Rs. 1,000 a month, from now on."

I said: "Panditji, we don't need your money, so please don't send us any.' You don't think this country belongs only to you people, do you? It belongs to us too, you know. This country belongs to all of us. Therefore, we can each carry our own burden. If you really want to help us, then build a school for our girls. And a small hospital."

This somehow made Jawaharlalji angry and he did not reply. But he went and complained to Dr. Ansari that I was very proud and arrogant. Later Dr. Ansari asked me why I had upset Jawaharlalji. I replied that I had had no intention of upsetting him. I added :

“I am a *Khudai Khidmatgar* and an arrogant *Khudai Khimatgar* is a contradiction in terms.”

I told Dr. Ansari exactly what had passed between Jawaharlalji and me.

Later, when Jawaharlalji and I came to know each other better and began to understand each other's temperament, we began to like each other and indeed love each other more than if we had been brothers.

Actually I hate to talk about money and I have never in all my life been able to beg for money. The members of the Working Committee used to get their railway fare. Jawaharlalji quarrelled with me about that too, but I always paid my own fare.

When I returned from Karachi I started on another tour. I first went to Kohat and from there I began a tour of the district. The British recruiting officers complained about me to the Viceroy.

They said: “Kohat is one of our recruiting centres. Therefore we cannot allow Abdul Ghaffar Khan to tour this district. If he insists, we shall arrest him.”

Lord Irwin had left and Lord Willingdon had been appointed Viceroy in his place. He had told Gandhiji that they wanted to arrest me. But Gandhiji had said that they could not do that, as it would be against the Gandhi-Irwin Pact. Gandhiji also told the Viceroy that Lord Irwin had asked him to visit the Frontier Province and he asked the Viceroy's permission to go. But Lord Willingdon refused. Then Gandhiji said :

- “All right, if you don't want me to go, let Jawaharlalji

go in my place."

But the Viceroy refused that too. Then Gandhiji asked whether Devdas, his son, could go, and finally the Viceroy reluctantly agreed.

We met Devdas in Peshawar, from where we were to take him to Utmanzai by lorry. As we were passing Shahi Bagh, a friend of ours drove up in his motorcar. We stopped the lorry and got into the car. Two *Khudai Khidmatgar* were in the front seat; one of them drove the car. They were dressed in their attractive red uniforms and the car was flying the national flag. Devdas, Khurshedbehn and I sat on the back seats.

When we arrived at Charsadda we learnt that a dacoit, called Qazi, was lying in wait for us in the woods near the Sardaryab bridge, with the intention of attacking the lorry we were supposed to be travelling in. And indeed, when we were near enough, the dacoit began to fire at the lorry. When the lorry stopped he came over and searched it. He must have been very disappointed not to find any of us in the lorry. However, one of the men had been wounded and we took him to Charsadda hospital for treatment.

Later we found out what was at the bottom of this incident. It appeared that one Kuli Khan had sent for Qazi, and, at the Government's suggestion, had asked him to hide in the wood and wait for instructions to attack and kill us. When we left Peshawar, word had been sent to Qazi, through the Nali police, that we were travelling in the lorry. It was by the grace of God that our friend happened to meet us and that we travelled in his car instead. And thus the Government's carefully laid plan came to a nought.

Afterwards I learnt that Qazi, the dacoit, had been killed by the Afridis, who said that what he had done

was wicked and against *Pakhtunwali*, the moral law of the Pakhtuns.

"And," they told him, "why didn't you think what a terrible blow to our reputation in India it would have given if you had killed Gandhiji's son."

We reached our destination without any further incidents. Later Devdas toured the whole district and we showed him everything. Then he understood that the British were angry and annoyed with us only because of the nationalist and patriotic work we were doing.

In those days the Muslim League did not exist in our Province. The British felt they needed some organisation in opposition to our movement and therefore they founded the Khaksar Party, with the help of Inayatullah Khan Mashriqui, the headmaster of the Government High School at Peshawar.

The *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement was extremely popular and therefore the Khaksar Party did not make much headway in the Frontier Province, though it did spread to other parts of India. Later Inayatullah Khan gave in and he wrote to the Government in Lucknow, asking for pardon. That was the end of the Khaksar Party.

Some other parties like that were started in the province, but none of them could compete with the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and they were all short-lived.

We really did work very hard in the province and the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement spread like wild fire. In Kohat district alone there were 100,000 *Khudai Khidmatgars*. The British could not tolerate the idea of our popularity and they would have loved to arrest me. I was well aware of this and therefore I did as much work as I could. The British even tried to get Gandhiji to agree to my being arrested, but he did not agree.

There was some altercation between Gandhiji and the Viceroy over this and in the end Gandhiji was obliged to send for me. Gandhiji was at Bardoli and he wanted me to go there. On the way, at Bhopal station, I happened to meet Shoaib Qureshi, the son-in-law of Mohammed Ali, with whom I had worked in the Khilafat movement. He was now with the Nawab of Bhopal. He insisted that I spend the night at Bhopal as the guest of the Nawab. Shaukat Ali was staying there, too. I had a long private talk with the Nawab Saheb. He said to me: "If you like we can both go and see the Viceroy. I have every hope that he will listen to you and grant whatever you want for the Pakhtuns."

But I refused and I told the Nawab Saheb:

"I am afraid I cannot share your confidence in the Viceroy. Besides, I am going to Bardoli now to see Gandhiji."

At Bardoli I had a long talk with Mahatmaji. I told him:

"All these accusations against me are only excuses to have me arrested. The Government do not want me to continue my work. Could you not ask the Viceroy to send for all those who have complaints against me? Then you and the Viceroy can judge whether there is any truth in them. If you both find there is, I will accept any punishment you decide to give me."

Gandhiji did write to the Viceroy and not only told him about my proposal, but also asked for permission to visit the Frontier Province and see for himself what was happening there. He added that if the Viceroy agreed we would both go and see him at his summer residence at Simla and discuss the whole matter.

Gandhiji asked me to stay for a few days to await the Viceroy's reply. When the answer came it said that there was no need for us to go to Simla, neither was it advisable for Gandhiji to visit the Frontier Province just then.

This reply made Gandhiji realize that I was right and he told me to go ahead with my work.

At Simla

I ATTENDED a meeting of the Congress Working Committee at Simla. Two *Khudai Khidmatgars* accompanied me. At the meeting there was some discussion in connection with Gandhiji's forthcoming visit to London for the Round Table Conference.

After Gandhiji left we stayed on at Simla. A student of Islamia College, whose father was one of the top officers in the Intelligence Department, invited me for dinner at the Cecil Hotel. He had also invited Feroz Khan Noon and some other Punjabi friends.

The two *Khudai Khidmatgars* went with me; they were handsome young men and they looked very smart in their red uniforms. The dining room was full of Englishmen and their wives and when our party entered they all looked at us with great curiosity.

Feroz Khan Noon complained that our joining the Congress had done great harm to the Muslims.

I said: "That is not our fault. We came to you first of all, but you gave us a very clear NO! So we

joined the Congress. We are tired of being the slaves of the British, we want to be free. If you too want freedom, we are with you. ”

Feroz Khan Noon said: “Very well, I shall discuss it with my colleagues and let you know.”

But I heard no more from him and the next time I saw him was in 1946, in Patna, during the Bihar riots.

While I was at Simla, Mr. Howell, Foreign Secretary in the Government of India, wrote to me, saying:

“I would appreciate it very much if you could come and see me.”

I replied: “I am afraid I will not be able to come and see you.”

Then Mr. Howell wrote to Gandhiji and Gandhiji asked me why I had refused to see Mr. Howell.

I told Gandhiji: “I am only a weak human being and liable to slip. I’d rather avoid that.”

This made Gandhiji laugh.

He said: “I meet the British and have discussions with them, don’t I?”

“But you are a Mahatma.” I said.

Well, in the end I agreed to see Mr. Howell, just to please Gandhiji.

Actually, Mr. Howell was a very pleasant man. He had served in the Frontier Province, and so had Mr. Wylie, who was Deputy Foreign Secretary, and whom I knew quite well.

In the course of our conversation Mr. Howell complained:

“We used to have very good relations with the Pakhtuns, but since some of them have started to make fiery speeches, all that has been spoilt.”

I said: “Fiery speeches do not necessarily spoil relations. Our relations have been spoilt by the way

the British have treated the Pathans. Mr. Wylie can tell you about that."

"Young man," I added, turning to Mr. Wylie, "why aren't you saying anything? You were Deputy Commissioner in Peshawar, you know what I am talking about. It was because of you people that we joined the Congress."

While we were talking the telephone rang and Mr. Howell answered it. It was a call from Mr. Emerson, the Home Secretary, who wanted me to go and see him.

I said: "How can I go and see him? I have no appointment with him."

But when Mr. Howell conveyed this message to the Home Secretary, he said: "Please ask Abdul Ghaffar Khan to come and see me, just for a few minutes."

"It is on your way," Mr. Howell added.

So I agreed and, taking leave of Mr. Howell and Mr. Wylie, I went to see Mr. Emerson.

As soon as I entered the room, Mr. Emerson said pompously:

"Look here, in your speech at Meerut you said that though the British have white faces, their hearts are black. If I publish that speech in London, I don't think there would be much hope for the reforms you want."

I told him: "But that was not all I said. I said much more than that. You have my permission to publish the speech, but the full speech. I said that we had excellent relations with the British and that we loved them. I said that we gave them the best of our food, instead of eating it ourselves, or giving it to our children. I said that we did what we could to make them happy, but it was all in vain. They introduced

no reforms, not even those refused by India. These are the reasons why I said that though the British have white faces, it appears that their hearts are black. ”

Mr. Emerson's manner was very different from Mr. Howell's, who had been pleasant and courteous, whereas Mr. Emerson was not, possibly because he had spent most of his time in Punjab.

While I was at Simla a friend of one of the correspondents of the *Civil and Military Gazette* used to come and visit me. From him I learned that this correspondent had created a lot of misunderstanding about my meeting with the Viceroy. He had published a completely false piece of information that the Congress Working Committee would not accept my views on the enquiries into the Frontier incidents and that therefore I had sent in my resignation.

This news had created great excitement in Punjab and the Frontier Province.

When I arrived in Lahore, Sir Sahibzada Abdul Qayyum sent a man to me who had especially come from the Frontier Province with the message: “For God's sake, don't leave the Congress, for if you do the British will not do anything for the benefit of the Province.”

When I returned from Simla I found that the British had managed to sow fear and resentment in the minds of some of my colleagues, and that they were now secretly working against me. Some other colleagues thought that this was not in the interest of the movement. They wanted my advice and therefore they called a meeting at Mian Jafar Shah's home. My opponents, who were also present, said that they did not trust the Hindus and that they were afraid we would be deprived of our rights at the Round Table Con-

ference. They thought we should pass a resolution to that effect.

But I said that as the Hindus had never been disloyal or dishonest yet, there was no point in passing a resolution of that kind. Nobody had yet been arrested or imprisoned because of them.

"And," I said, "I promise you that if ever they are disloyal, we *Khudai Khidmatgars* will be behind you."

Thus we were able to smooth out our differences.

When Sir Ralph Griffith was Chief Commissioner of the Frontier Province, he wanted to hold a *darbar* (*levee*) to which he had invited me, too. I declined the invitation, whereupon he sent word that I was to go and see him. I did not go. He then sent a police man and I had no choice but to go with him.

In the course of our conversation he mentioned the dangers which, according to him, the country was facing.

"We are faced with three possible dangers," he said, "the tribes, Afghanistan and Russia."

"If you really think that the tribes are a potential danger," I said, "the best way to avert it is to bring about social reforms among the tribes. We are prepared to help and assist you in every possible way. But we would expect you to give up your present tribal policy and look upon the tribesmen not as enemies, but as friends. And we would also expect you to sit down with us and with our help draw up, and carry out, a programme of real improvement for the tribes."

Sir Ralph took out a pencil and paper and began to take notes of everything I said.

I continued: "If you spend half the amount of money you are now wasting on ruining and killing the tribal people, on setting up cottage industries for them,

they would be able to earn an honest and independent living, and they would get acquainted with arts and crafts, industry and trade. If you build schools for them, you would be helping their children to get a new start in life. And if you build hospitals for them, they would be able to get proper treatment for their illnesses. All this would help to make these gentle, brave Pathans into useful members of the Pakhtun society, and the whole country would benefit.

As for the danger from Afghanistan, I told the Chief Commissioner that it did not exist, except in his imagination. "The Afghanistan Government is always friendly to the British," I told him, "for the simple reason that Afghanistan cannot have a Government you disapprove of. Besides, the Afghans are our brothers and if you make friends with the Pathans, naturally the Afghans will be your friends too."

"That leaves the danger from Russia," I continued. "Well, the best way to deal with that is to grant us our rights, and give us our independence. Ours is a large country, stretching from the river Amu to halfway down Punjab. Who can attack us? If anyone has any idea of waging war against us, we shall defend our country with our lives."

Sir Ralph took down everything I said, and then he told me that he was going to Delhi to discuss all this with the Viceroy. Judging by the expression on his face I concluded that he was inclined to agree with me.

"You will come again, won't you?" he said.

I laughed and replied: "If I do it will be in the same way as I came today!" What I meant was that he would have to send the police for me.

He said: "Look! Do you see all those people there,

waiting to see me? Some have been waiting for days. There are some Khans and Khan Bahadurs among them too. But I haven't given them any interviews, nor made any appointments with them. But you, whom I request to come and see me, are not interested."

I laughed again.

"Griffith Sahab," I said, "these people are making the pilgrimage to your residence for their personal benefit. I have no personal axe to grind and I want no personal favours. So why should I waste my energy on flattery?"

Griffith Sahab banged his fist on the table and said:

"It is an ill-fated Government indeed that keeps the honest people at a distance and surrounds itself with dishonest people. God help the British Government."

I took leave of Sir Ralph. Soon after my visit he went to Delhi to see the Viceroy.

I was full of hope that, God willing, something would at last be done for my country and my people.

But the first thing Sir Ralph did when, having seen the Viceroy, he returned from Delhi, was to rob me of my freedom. On 24th December 1931 I was arrested. I was the first man in India to be arrested at that time.

Though Gandhiji had not yet returned from the Round Table Conference in London, the outrages began. After I had been detained, thousands of Pathans were also arrested.

Violence or Non-Violence ?

THERE were two freedom movements in our province, one believed in violence and the other in non-violence. The violent movement had been founded first. It was not until forty or fifty years later, in 1929, that the non-violent movement was started.

The British had been able to deal with the violent movement by taking violent counter measures. But they had not been able to suppress the non-violent movement in spite of all their unspeakable cruelty and innumerable arrests and imprisonments.

The violent movement had created fear and cowardice in the people's minds, it had weakened people's courage and morale. But the non-violent movement had made people fearless and brave, and inspired them with a high sense of morality.

The violent movement had preached hatred, but the non-violent movement preached love and brotherhood. It spoke of a new life for the Pathans, a life of dedication to their nation and to their brethren. It spoke

of a great and splendid revolution in art, in culture, in poetry, in their whole social life.

The truth is, of course, that violence is born of hatred, and non-violence is born of love.

One reason for the hatred was the injustice on the part of the British. Suppose someone had killed an Englishman, and he was caught,—the British would then not only punish the culprit, but they would make his whole village and his whole district suffer. Heavy fines would be imposed, arrests would be made, many people would be imprisoned.

People would naturally look upon the culprit and upon his whole violent movement as the sole cause of all the cruelty and oppression they had to suffer.

On the other hand they saw that in the non-violent movement everyone tried to avoid trouble, everyone tried to prevent harm being done to the innocent people. They saw that our movement was only concerned with the welfare of the country, and that made them sympathetic towards our movement.

These were the reasons why the violent movement failed and the non-violent movement was successful. It was through non-violence that the country would be freed, through non-violence that the British would be driven out.

But the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement was not just a political movement. Apart from being the political party of the Pathans, it was also a spiritual movement. It was the movement that taught the Pathans love and brotherhood, that inspired them with a sense of unity, patriotism and the desire to service.

The Pathans used to quarrel amongst themselves; antagonism and feuds ruined their homes and their families. Through the non-violent movement all that

was changed. The British used to say, "a non-violent Pathan is more dangerous than a violent Pathan."

This was the reason for the innumerable cruelties they inflicted on us in 1932. All the arrests, imprisonments and other disgraceful acts of the British had only one object: to provoke the Pathans to be violent. But their mean, ignoble scheme did not work.

I shall give you just a few examples of the kind of means they employed.

The British used to strip the Pathans of their clothes. When the *Khudai Khidmatgars* were picketing in Charsadda, the British made them take off all their clothes. Then they tied a noose round their testicles and pulled it hard. When the men fainted with the pain, they would be thrown into a tub full of urine and excrement.

This is only one example of the unspeakable humiliation and suffering inflicted upon the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. There were innumerable cases like this, of unprintable cruelty and shameless humiliation.

In Kohat many of our *Khudai Khidmatgars* had been arrested. This was in the month of January and it was bitterly cold. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* were made to take a dip in ice-cold water.

In Haripur prison alone ten to twelve thousand *Khudai Khidmatgars* were locked up and in spite of the bitter cold they were only allotted one blanket and one chapati each. And there were men who did not even get that.

Many of the educated prisoners were severely whipped. Some of them were made to work the wheel of an oil-press. Many were kept in solitary confinement. In short, every kind of cruelty that anyone could think of, was inflicted on those poor people.

On the 24th December 1931, I was staying with my brother, Dr. Khan Saheb. I was overworked and ill. At about midnight the police came and arrested me. They took my brother also. We were taken by car as far as Attock bridge. A little later Kazi Atatullah Khan, and Sadullah Khan, my brother's eldest son, who had also been arrested, were brought there. Sadullah had just returned from England. We were all put in a special train. An inspector of police, a Sikh, escorted us. He knew Kazi Saheb and he also told us that Dr. Khan Saheb had at one time saved his life. There was another inspector with us too, a Punjabi.

I have always made it a point, whenever I have been arrested, not to ask any question, nor to ask the escort or the guards to do anything for me. Kazi Saheb asked the Pakhtun officer to get him a newspaper, but the officer was afraid and he ignored the request.

The Punjabi officer's special task seemed to be to shut the windows every time we opened them, lest anybody should see us. I got tired of this and said :

"What is the idea, young man? Are you trying to keep us in purdah? We are not women, you know." But he took no notice.

When we had crossed the border into the U.P. (United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh) we were handed over to a British officer and a White sergeant.

The British officer opened the door of the compartment and said to me : "Why don't you get down and stretch your legs?"

What a difference between this British officer and the Punjabi Muslim police officer. Yet we were fighting the British, we wanted to take over the Government from them and give it to ~~people~~ like our Punjabi brother.

After I had got back to my compartment, the Englishman came to me again, with a glass in his hand, which he offered to me in the most friendly manner :

"Have a drink." he said.

He was rather surprised when I told him I didn't drink. But I have never been able to forget his kindness and courtesy.

At Allahabad Dr. Khan Saheb was taken off the train and sent to Naini prison. A little further Sadullah Khan was separated from us and taken to Benares. When we had crossed the border into Bihar, Kazi Atatullah Khan was taken to Gaya. Finally I was taken to the Hazaribagh prison, which was forty miles from Hazaribagh station. I was taken there by car, accompanied by the Police Inspector from Pehsawar and two British officers, one of whom was a Deputy Commissioner and the other a Superintendent of Police.

As soon as I had settled down they gave me a British newspaper to read, actually the same paper that Kazi Atatullah Saheb had asked for, and which the Peshawar police officer had not dared to get for him.

Once inside the prison, the prison officer, a Hindu, asked me :

"Do you know the officer who brought you here. Who is he? Where is he from? "

I asked him why he wanted to know.

"He is a villain." he said. "Do you know, he asked me to keep a special eye on you, as, he said, you are a very dangerous man."

I was put into a barrack and apart from the prison officials I was not allowed to see anyone. I was a state prisoner.

Brotherhood in Prison

THE Collector came to see me once a month. I always get ill when I am alone and now, too, my health was gradually going down. The Collector was a very nice man. He wrote to the Government to ask whether my colleagues who were in prison in Gaya could be sent to Hazaribagh to give me company.

Kazi Saheb was in Gaya prison and he was also in solitary confinement. At least I was able to get a good night's rest, but poor Kazi Saheb did not even get that. Like me, he was a thorn in the flesh of the government.

The government refused the Collector's request, but instead of Kazi Saheb they sent Dr. Khan Saheb to Hazaribagh. He was surprised to find that I was kept locked up in the barracks all the time, for at Naini he had been allowed to go out and take exercise.

The Superintendent of Hazaribagh prison was a Punjabi. He knew Dr. Khan Saheb, for during the war in Europe they had at one time been posted to the same place. But the man was a coward and whenever-

Dr. Khan Saheb raised the question of going out for a stroll, he used to say: "They'll kill me if I let you go out!"

But Dr. Saheb insisted and in the end we were allowed to go for a stroll, but only just outside the window.

Then I found out that Rajendra Prasad, Acharya Kripalani and many other political workers from Bihar were in this prison too, and I managed to see them from time to time.

I am very fond of the people of Bihar, and once I had the permission to leave the barrack I was able to meet them from time to time and we soon established a firm friendship.

The prison officer known as "Chhote Saheb" (the jailor), was a good person and he felt great sympathy for the patriots. We arranged with him that any political prisoners who were about to be released would come and see us on the eve of their departure. We used to give them farewell tea-parties.

The Biharis are very nice people indeed, but they are rather orthodox and afraid of "losing caste". Living with us made them a great deal more broadminded.

At one of our tea-parties I myself poured out the tea for our guest and handed him the cup as well as a plate of *pakorās* (a kind of savoury doughnut). Dr. Khan Saheb put a fried brinjal on his plate too. Our guest drank the tea and ate the snacks, and then he burst out laughing. When I asked what the joke was, he said:

"Just imagine! One day a Muslim postman delivered a postcard at my house. He was holding the postcard by one corner, and I very cautiously took it from him by the other corner, with the tips of my fingers. My brother who had witnessed this performance immediately poured water over my hands, saying: 'You have

been polluted.”

I came to love the Bihari leaders and they will always occupy a special place in my heart. The Bihari women are no less brave and courageous than the men and they have made great sacrifices for the cause of the freedom of the country. I will tell you a story of just one Bihari woman. She was a prisoner in the same prison and the “Chhote Saheb” told me her story. He said :

“This woman prisoner’s husband, who is a pleader, came to visit her today. He had brought the children with him. There were five of them. He begged his wife to keep the two youngest children with her, and he said he would look after the others. But the women refused. ‘I would have looked after all of them,’ she said, ‘but you wouldn’t listen to me. Now they are your responsibility!’ ”

The “Chhote Saheb” had asked her what she meant and she told him :

“When the Congress bugle sounded and called us to the fight for freedom I asked my husband to join the ranks of the Congress. But he said he was busy with a court case and he wanted to see that through first. After that, whenever I asked him when he would be ready to do his bit for the freedom of the country, he had some excuse or other. When I realised that he didn’t really want to join in the struggle, I decided that I would have to court arrest, and I went picketing. And that is why I am here now, in the same prison as is Rajendra Babu.”

There were many men and women like that in this prison.

Three years later, when I was released from the prison, this courageous woman invited me to her house.

Though I was a state prisoner, my children were not given any allowance while Dr. Khan Saheb's and Kazi Saheb's families did receive allowances. So did the mother of Asadullah. The result was that Ghani had to return from America, before he had finished his studies, because he was short of funds.

I owned considerable property, but I had been in prison for a long time and there was no one to look after it. I received no income from it, because my tenants—that is my agricultural employees—were, at the Government's suggestion, making away with my profits.

I was finally released after three years' imprisonment, but I was not allowed to go to either the Frontier Province or Punjab.

We were told that we could go anywhere in India, as long as we stayed away from Punjab and the Frontier Province. We had many friends in Bihar, former political prisoners. So from Hazaribagh we went to Patna, where we visited Rajendra Prasad and other friends. Then we went to Wardha, where we had been invited to stay with Gandhiji and Jamnalal Bajaj.

That year, 1934, the All India Congress was to meet in Bombay.

When the news of our arrival in Wardha got around, the Reception Committee decided to elect me President of this Congress. Rajendra Prasad even sent me a telegram to inform me that I had been elected.

But I refused. I sent telegram saying: "I am a soldier and I am a *Khudai Khidmagar* and I only want to serve."!

In Bengal

AFTER a few days in Wardha I went to Calcutta where the Corporation gave me a warm reception. I had the impression that many Muslims had settled in Bengal and that they were politically backward. So I thought I should do something for them and I gave several lectures in Calcutta. In my talks I told the Muslims :

“I have come here to be of service to you. I really want to work in the villages, because that is where the most miserable people live.”

There was a Muslim Society in Calcutta of which Suhrawardy and some other Muslims like him were also members. Instead of helping me to visit the Bengali villages, these Muslims did all they could to stop me going there because they were afraid they would lose their leadership. I was very disappointed with these Muslims.

But then Professor Prafulla Chandra Ghosh, who was a friend of mine and a member of the Congress

Working Committee, said he would take me to the villages. "But," he added, "there is no life in the Muslim villages."

I was very glad that a Bengali was going with me, for the people in the village knew only Bengali and I could not speak Bengali.

Prafulla Babu took me to many villages and wherever we went, I started work in my usual way. I talked to the people. I told them that India used to be a land of gold, that there used to be plenty of milk and *ghee* in every house, and rice in abundance.

How was it then, I asked them, that today they were under-nourished and naked? "Why?" I asked the villagers, who were listening with great interest. "Why are you so poor today?" Then I explained that as long as the country was not free, as long as they themselves did not hold the reins of government, they would never be able to fill their stomachs.

Having talked to the people like this for a few days, I held a public meeting. About fifty people came to hear what I had to say. But the second meeting, a few days later, was attended by two hundred villagers. More and more people came to the meetings after that.

Meanwhile the date of the Congress session in Bombay was drawing near and we had to leave. I told Prafulla Babu that these villages were by no means dead. It only needed someone to light up the spark of life that was still alive.

Truth is Crime!

WHILE I was in Bombay I was invited to lecture at the Indian Christian Association. At the meeting I was asked about the *Khudai Khidmatgars*, and I told the audience the history of our movement, and all that had happened to me.

Until then I had not been aware that according to British law it was a crime to speak the truth. I was to find that out soon.

When the Congress was over I returned to Wardha and started making plans for another trip to Bengal. I had decided that as long as the Government did not give me permission to return to the Frontier Province, I would work in the villages in Bengal.

When the government found out what I was planning to do, they decided to stop me going to Bengal, for they knew that the Bengali Hindus were already wide awake politically, and they were afraid that I would wake up the Muslims, too. Then they would lose their hold on Bengal altogether.

So they sent the police, and I was arrested again, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This sentence was actually the Government's revenge on me for the lecture I had delivered at the Christian Association in Bombay.

I was first sent to Bombay prison, but later transferred to Sabarmati prison. The British Superintendent of this prison was a strict officer. I was locked up in a ward and even the guard was not allowed to come in. The door was locked from the outside.

I was not given the kind of food I was entitled to. I was supposed to be a B-class prisoner, but the food I was given was akin to that given to C-class prisoners in my province.

There were no charpoy for the B-class prisoners and I had to sleep on the floor.

I had nobody to talk to, but there were lots of monkeys and I used to play with them. Then I fell seriously ill with influenza. Nobody thought of taking me to the hospital, or even giving me a charpoy. I still had to lie on the hard, cement floor. However, by the grace of God I was restored to health once again.

Later Sofia came to see me, and then Gandhiji also came and through his efforts I was promoted as an A-class prisoner.

But, though I was now entitled to better food, there was no one to cook for me. Then the Inspector General of Prisons, who was on a tour of the prisons, came to see me. I requested him first of all to send me a cook. I knew a convict cook in Bombay, who would do very well, I told him. I also told him that the climate there did not suit me and I wished to be transferred. The Inspector General happened to be a very kind man. He had lived in the Frontier Province

too. He promised to get me transferred to Punjab and to get me a Pathan cook from Peshawar. I told him over and over again that the Punjab government would not want me there, and that I would prefer to have that cook from Bombay. But the Inspector still thought it would be nicer for me to be in Punjab, as it was nearer home. And he thought that a Pathan cook would be more sympathetic and serve me better than any other cook.

Well, in spite of all his well-meant efforts, the Punjab government refused to lodge me in one of their prisons. They did send me a cook from a Punjab prison, but this man did not know anything about cooking, and he was a T.B. patient. The intention obviously was that I, too, would catch the infection.

From Sabarmati I was transferred to a district prison at Bareilly. There was a Central Jail, too, at Bareilly, and if only I had been transferred there, I would have had the company of other political prisoners. But the authorities did not want me to have that little consolation and they kept me away from other prisoners.

The day came when Dr. Khan Saheb was elected to the Central Assembly and he was allowed to go to the Frontier Province again. He and his wife came to see me at Bareilly.

The Inspector General of Prisons of this district, Col. Salamatullah Khan, was a likeable person. When he visited the prison I asked him to help me get rid of the cook.

"He is not a cook at all," I said. "Besides, he is a T.B. patient and I don't want to get the infection, though perhaps that is why he has been sent to me. But this arrangement does not suit either of us. Please change him."

The Inspector General agreed and the cook was transferred.

Rafi Ahmed Kidwai came to see me and so did the Minister for Jails. As the summer had started and it was getting warm, the Minister suggested that I be transferred to a cooler place. But during the long summer the Government took no steps to transfer me. Then when the monsoons set in, and everyone returned from the hills, I was sent to Almora.

It rained and rained and rained, for days at a stretch, and it was impossible to go out.

At last the day of my release came but again I was forbidden to go to the Frontier Province. So I went back to Wardha. That was in 1936. Not until August 1937, when the elections for the Provincial Assembly were over, was I able to return to my province.

In 1936 the elections for the Provincial Assembly of the Frontier Province were held, and the *Khudai Khidmatgar* party had won the majority of seats. In spite of that the Governor had asked Sir Nawab Sahibzada Abdul Qayyum to form a government. This gentleman would certainly have lost in the elections, had he stood as a candidate in his own district. But he was elected from the district of Hazara, where there were very few *Khudai Khidmatgars*. With the help of the Government, he formed a Government of Hindus, Sikhs and some independent members. But he did not last long. Five or six months later he was defeated.

In September 1937 the opposition passed a vote of no confidence, and then Dr. Khan Saheb formed a government with the help of the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. In this Government Kazi Atatullah Saheb was the Minister of Education. Kazi Saheb first of all made Pashtu the compulsory medium of instruction

in the schools.

This ministry and this government did a great deal for the welfare of the people. But in one respect it did our movement more harm than good. In actual fact all the power in the government was vested in Governor, and his subordinate officers took no notice of what our ministers said, nor did they give them any help or assistance. They acted on the advice of the Governor, and did as he told them. We had gained fifty paise worth of power, but the country needed a whole rupee's worth. And where was the rest going to come from?

Then the Syndicate* proved to be a new calamity for the movement, as our workers were not able to distribute the controlled goods honestly and fairly.

In 1939 the war broke out, and, together with the Congress ministries everywhere in India, our Ministry also resigned.

* Monopolies and control system

Civil Disobedience

WHEN Japan entered the War a meeting of the Congress Working Committee was held. At that meeting a resolution was passed to the effect that we would help Britain in her war effort, but on the condition that Britain would give us our freedom after the War.

On that occasion Mahatma Gandhi and I resigned from the Working Committee, because we did not believe in violence and to help the British in their war effort would mean condoning and promoting violence.

After this meeting individual *satyagraha* (passive resistance) was started in the country, but nobody was allowed to take this course of action without Gandhiji's personal approval. In the case of the North-West Frontier Province Gandhiji had transferred this authority to me.

The government were not arresting any *satyagrahis* in the Frontier Province. They could not because they were always proclaiming that they were fighting

this war for freedom and democracy. They never mentioned the freedom of India, though.

Therefore the Congress felt that a mass movement against British rule was called for, and this led Gandhiji to launch the "Quit India" movement in August 1942.

This slogan soon reverberated all over India and the Frontier Province. Those who were engaged in individual *satyagraha* told the people: "It is a sin to support the British war effort with either men or money. Don't pay any subscriptions and don't enlist."

Through this mass movement the slogan "Quit India" reached every British ear. At the same time thousands of people were courting arrest by breaking British laws.

At that time I founded a *Khudai Khidmatgar* centre on the bank of the Sardaryab, which was called *Markaz-e-Ala-e-Khudai Khidmatgar*. In India civil disobedience had begun but we had not yet started it in the Frontier Province.

When I decided that we should also launch the civil disobedience movement, our Provincial *Jirga* gave me full authority to run the movement and they made me its "dictator".

Actually, I shudder at the word "dictator" because autocracy and dictatorship are not in my nature, they go against my grain. Therefore I always consulted my colleagues before taking any decision or sending out instructions for the civil disobedience movement. I should mention here, that when the *Jirga* was discussing whether to start civil disobedience or not, Haji Faqir Khan of Hazara proposed that we should cut telephone wires, or remove railway sleepers. I told the *Jirga* that this would be allowed only on the condition that the saboteur himself went to the police and told them what he had done. This would make him develop

moral courage and this would be an inspiration to other workers. Also, no innocent people would come under suspicion and the police would have no excuse for hunting and harrassment. So this mass movement was started, according to my instructions and carried out with great discipline on the part of the workers.

The courts at Bannu, Kohat, Tank and Peshawar were attacked according to the plan. The British response to our movement was certainly severe. But in Peshawar, there was a Muslim Deputy Commissioner, Janab Iskander Mirza, who was so loyal to the British and so anxious to follow in their footsteps and remain in their good books that he became "more British than the British" as far as cruelty was concerned. When the British gave orders for a lathi charge in his district one day, he himself picked up a lathi and rained blows on the backs of the *Khudai Khidmatgars* till they were half dead. He actually killed one *Khudai Khidmatgar*, Syed Akbar.

Another of this worthy gentleman's gallant and courageous deeds was that one day he went to a *Khudai Khidmatgar* camp and put poison into the curry. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* who ate the curry were all taken seriously ill and escaped death by a hair's breadth. He bestowed many more mercies like that on the Pathans, but I would prefer to draw a veil over them and entrust them to God, before whom we shall all appear one day. His be the judgment!

Later Mirza Saheb became President of Pakistan and he changed his tune to: "Islam, Islam!" and "I love thee, my country!" And he had me thrown into prison because I was supposed to be the enemy of my country and anti-Islam!

“ I was constantly touring the province to see the

progress and the effect of the *satyagraha* movement. One day, as I was on my way to Kohat, and had come as far as Sapina police station, I was arrested. I was taken to Peshawar by car and there I was released. From then on, wherever I went, I was arrested, taken back to Peshawar, and released. I did not care for this kind of game, so I collected a group of fifty men and we went on foot from Charsadda to Mardan. We held meetings in all the villages we passed through. When we arrived at Mirvas Dehri we found the police waiting for us. We linked our hands together firmly, so that it was practically impossible to separate us from each other, and marched on. When the police found they could not break this human chain, they brought out their lathis and began to rain blows upon us.

Apart from that occasion, the British have always treated me with respect. In spite of the fact that they were hostile and harsh, they have never inflicted any humiliating bodily harm on me.

For example, when I was in Abbotabad prison, one day the Inspector General Mr. Smith came straight to the prison to see me. I had been put in a very small cell, all alone. When he had greeted me, he went straight out again and, looking angrily at the Superintendent, said: "What kind of a pigeonhole have you put Badshah Khan in? Why don't you give him the large sick room?"

The Superintendent very respectfully said:

"What could I do? It was the government's order."

Mr. Smith there and then telephoned the Governor of the Frontier Province and said:

"George Cunningham! Is this the way to treat a brave opponent like Bacha Khan?"

Sir George Cunningham had the grace to say sorry

and withdraw the order. But before he did that Mr. Smith had already issued orders that I was to be transferred to a nicer place and that I was to be given congenial company. As a result my son Wali and three other colleagues were sent to the same prison.

I had not asked for all this. Admittedly, Mr. Smith had tried to find out whom I would like to have for company, but I had replied that I had no preference, and that I left it to him. Thereupon he sent me a message saying: "I am not looking for company for myself, but for you, so it is only right that you should tell me whom you would like. I don't want to impose my choice on you."

When I think of Mr. Smith's kindness and broad-mindedness I am sadly reminded of the treatment I used to get from the Pakistan government. Under their rule I was always kept in solitary confinement. And in spite of all my requests and demands for some company, nobody ever listened to me or lifted a finger to do anything for me. And if, by some remote chance, they did give me a companion, he would either be mad, or suffering from some disease, and it would be a headache rather than companionship!

There were, during the British period, certain native officers, who were labouring under the misapprehension that, by inflicting physical harm on me, and treating me disrespectfully, they would find favour with the British and gain rewards in some way or the other. During the Mirwas Dehri incident it was my bad luck to fall into the hands of such a mean police officer. He beat me so severely that two of my ribs were broken. He was an inspector of police called Khushdil Khan. He certainly did no credit to his name, which means a happy heart! Well, this Khan of the happy heart

may have earned for himself a place of honour on the British list of loyalists, but he was not exactly an example of gallantry. My *Khudai Khidmatgars* could have taught him a thing or two about behaviour towards opponents.

This Khan of the happy heart arrested all of us and took us to Mardan prison. The next day we were taken to Risalpur and from there to Haripur prison.

Delegation to the Tribes

WHEN the Japanese armies reached Burma we began to worry, because they were advancing rapidly and if they continued at that rate they might soon invade India. We were specially worried about the tribesmen. We feared that days of trouble lay ahead and wanted to face the challenge together, and safeguard our country with patriotic fervour. It was therefore essential to decide upon a united plan of action, and we thought of sending a delegation to the tribal area to discuss all this. I wrote to Sir George Cunningham, who was the Governor of our province and asked for permission to send such a delegation.

Sir George wrote back saying that he could not allow us to send the delegation. We then called a meeting of the *Jirga* and decided that since this was a matter of life and death for the country, we would send our delegation to the tribal areas, whether the Government gave us permission or not. And the Governor, after consultation with his Political Agent, decided

that nothing would be said and no action would be taken until we actually entered the tribal area.

We sent delegations to the Afridis, the Waziris, the Masoods and to Bajaur. The delegation to the Afridis reached its destination without any trouble at all. But the *Khudai Khidmatgars* who constituted the delegation to Bajaur had to face great difficulties. The Political Agent in Malakand had posted Khans of the Ranazai tribe along the way. When our men reached Sakhakot they were stopped by the Khans, who advised them to go back, as, they said, they would not on any account allow them to enter their district. The leader of the delegation, Kamdar Khan, told the Khans:

"We are *Khudai Khidmatgars* and we have come here because our country may have to face grave trouble very soon. We want to sit down with you and discuss what is to be done."

But the Khan Sahebs turned a deaf ear to their explanations and requests. They had only one answer and that was: "No." After all, they had been sent by the Political Agent and they owed loyalty to him alone. Then Kamdar Khan told them that once a *Khudai Khidmatgar* had taken a step, he could not retrace it. An argument developed and soon a crowd had collected. The Khan Sahebs had intended to drive the *Khudai Khidmatgars* out of their district by force, but when they realized that the public sympathized with the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and would certainly put up a fight if any obstacle was put in their way, they let them go. Afterwards the Khans came to see me at the centre and we had a long, serious discussion, about love, brotherhood and patriotism. The Khans begged me to ask the *Khudai Khidmatgars* to avoid the road from Malakand to Bajaur and to go

by some other route. So I wrote to Kamdar Khan and asked him not to use the Malakand road and go to Bajaur by the longer Utman Khail road. This he did and the delegation proceeded via Agra towards Utman Khail. On the way they were stopped again by the Mians of Kaka Khail tribe. When the *Khudai Khidmatgars* were passing through a Myan village, all the people came out and charged upon them, for no apparent reason.

They picked up the *Khudai Khidmatgars*, threw them on the road, and beat them up mercilessly. They hoped that the Political Agent would come to know that they had taught the *Khudai Khidmatgars* a good lesson !

The people of Kaka Khail had always been loyal to the Government of the day, so much so that they used to march in front of the British armies as far as Chitral and loot whatever they could.

When at last the delegation reached Bajaur, Badshah Gul created a lot of trouble for them there. He spread the rumour that the Red Shirts who had arrived in town were Hindus and that God would reward anyone who killed them. Badshah Gul was doing this at the instigation of Hasham Khan who was Prime Minister of Afghanistan at that time. The British expected Hasham Khan to do things like this for them, and Badshah Gul was Hasham Khan's man.

On one occasion the village youth of Bajaur district had a wonderful idea. They thought they would use the *Khudai Khidmatgars* for target practice. But the elders forbade them to do this.

"Take it easy," they said. "These Red Shirts aren't going anywhere, are they? Let's go and ask them."

They went to see the *Khudai Khidmatgars* in the *Hujra* and asked them who they were and where they wanted to go. Abdul Malik Ustad, who was one of the greatest Pathan poets stood up and replied :

“We are your brothers. We are *Khudai Khidmatgars*, servants of God. I’adshah Khan has sent us to you to tell you that our country will have to face grave danger soon. It will be like a mighty flood. He wants us to tell all the Pakhtuns to be prepared, lest they are swept away in the flood.”

Abdul Malik’s words made a deep impression on the people and they reprimanded the young men severely.

In spite of all Badshah Gul’s opposition the *Khudai Khidmatgars* now became a great success in Bajaur and they did some really good work there.

This was not the end of Hasham Khan’s hostility, however. When we were carrying out raids on the British courts, Hasham Khan sent this same Badshah Gul and one Haji Mohammed Amin to Peshawar to work against us. I should mention that Haji Mohammed Amin lived in a village called Ada, near Jalalabad in Afghanistan and that at one time he was Haji Saheb of Tarangzai’s Khalifa. To please the British, Hasham Khan had sent him to Peshawar to divert the Pakhtuns’ attention from the British.

When Haji Mohammed Amin arrived in Peshawar and found the *Khudai Khidmatgars* carrying out raids on the British courts, he created news by raiding the brothels. His sole purpose was to divert the people’s attention from the British and their misdeeds. But neither he nor anybody else could divert the people’s attention from the struggle for freedom any more, for we had worked everywhere among the Pathans, and they had now begun to think for themselves. It was

impossible now to mislead or deceive the people in the name of Islam any more.

Badshah Gul's father, Haji Saheb of Tarangzai, was a very nice man, and a true friend and colleague of mine. As for Badshah Gul, it was lust for power and greed for money that made him create all those difficulties for us.

Division amongst the Pathans

THOUSANDS of my colleagues were detained in Haripur Hazara Central Jail. When many of them had been released and only a few prisoners left, I was sent back there. Several of us were under strict surveillance. I decided that instead of sitting idle, I should do some work, and so I requested the government to put me on tape-weaving. In those days weavers were paid fifty paise per twenty-five feet of tape. Many of my colleagues made a nice little income that way, but not one of them used his earnings for himself. Every pie was sent to our centre.

Weaving was not the only thing we did. Many of the Khudai Khidmatgars who were prisoners here, were illiterate, and I made arrangements to have them taught reading and writing. Quite a few of them were literate when they were released.

It occurs to me that I ought to say something about the Agencies. I have already mentioned the method by which the Pathan country was divided, first by the

British and now by Pakistan. But I will not dwell upon this abominable division and only deal with the Agencies now. Those districts of the North-West Frontier Province which are legislatively governed by an Assembly, though actually by the Governor, are called "settled districts". Between these and the independent tribal districts there is a "buffer zone", the Agencies. They come under the direct rule of a Political Agent. They have no laws, no courts, there is no appeal against the Political Agent's orders. The unfortunate inhabitants of the Agencies are kept illiterate and ignorant. They are oppressed and tyrannized to such an extent that their life and death are in the hands of one single individual. On the other hand, they are allowed to possess guns and rifles. They also have the freedom to kill each other, to steal and remain life-long enemies. Thus they are for ever kept under the thumb of the Political Agent, they live in the constant danger to their lives and suffer humiliation to save themselves.

The purpose of the buffer zone is that in the event of an attack on the "settled districts" from the tribal area, the attacker will pass through the Agencies and the first blows will fall on the people who live there. These people are not free like the independent tribes, they are poor and oppressed and they live and die at the Political Agent's pleasure. They do not have regular laws or law courts like other subjected areas.

At first the British army and the British border police were always posted there, now it is the Pakistan Army.

While I was in prison I kept hens, sold the eggs and sent the proceeds to our centre. I used to feed the chickens myself. When I called them at feeding time they would all come scurrying and soon they would

be all over me, on my lap, on my shoulders, on my head, and on my arms, eating out of my hand the grain I had brought.

One day Col. Smith, the Inspector General, visited Haripur prison. He was the same Col. Smith who, in 1930, then the Superintendent of the Prison in Haripur, had treated the political prisoners with utmost severity and cruelty. But he had had a change of heart and he was now a nice man and very friendly with me. Actually, the British are a brave and patriotic nation. And they value patriotism and courage in others.

When Col. Smith saw me feeding the chickens he took leave of his companions and came and stood quietly behind me, watching the performance. After a while he said: "Good morning!"

When I looked round he said, "What are you up to?"

I said: "There is a great lesson here for mankind. Look, these chickens know very well that I am really their enemy and that I rear them now, only to slaughter them later. But because I love them and treat them with love they are not afraid of me, and sit on my head and my shoulders. Is this not a great lesson for mankind? If through love we can make animals our friends, why can't we make human beings, the crown of creation, our friends too?"

Mr. Smith was an odd person. He always used to say that if ever Pakistan came into existence, he would not stay in this country even for a day. And sure enough, when Pakistan was established, he took the first train and went back to England.

In 1945 our ministers thought that that our province ought to have its own ministry. If we could form a ministry, apart from giving us other advantages, it

would also benefit our fellow political prisoners who, having spent three years in prison, could be released. A delegation was sent to Gandhiji to explain to him that conditions in India were different from the conditions in the Frontier Province. Gandhiji said he agreed with what they said about the release of the political prisoners, but he also told them to consult me. So a one-man delegation was sent to me in prison. He reported to me what Gandhiji had said and he also told me that the British would never release me. If, however, they could form a ministry, they would release all the *Khudai Khidmatgars*.

But he could not convince me. I told him not to worry about us, the political prisoners. I said that in my opinion a ministry that had no real power would do more harm than good. My advice was against forming a ministry, but perhaps other counsel prevailed, for in March 1945 a ministry was formed and all political prisoners were released.

As soon as I was free, I resumed my work, though the Government soon put its machinery into action and did all it could to obstruct my work.

Actually, the Aurangzeb Khan ministry was a blessing in disguise for us, for it made people realize how little the Muslim League ministry did for them and how much the Congress or the *Khudai Khidmatgar* ministry did for the common people. Aurangzeb had not been able to do anything for the people; he just did what the British told him to do, and what was in his own interest. But later the Ministry of Dr. Khan Saheb did a great deal for the welfare of the people in spite of the fact that it did not have full authority. The most important thing was that they were not the puppets of the British. Their love and sympathy was for their own people.

Elections and Referendum

I WAS not in favour of the elections of 1945-46. I thought that even if we won the elections, what good would it do if we could not work for the people? After all we did not want to win the elections or form a ministry for the sake of ruling over the people, but for the sake of serving them.

I attended the meeting of the Congress Working Committee and of the Parliamentary Board in Calcutta. After I had reported to Gandhiji on events and conditions in the Frontier Province, I told him that I did not want to take part in the elections. Gandhiji agreed with me. The Parliamentary Board tried hard to make me change my mind, but they did not succeed.

After the meeting of the Working Committee was over I returned to my village and continued my work. For though I did not want to take part in the election campaign, I hardly wanted to sit at home and be idle. I was soon absorbed in our movement again and I started touring the province. That also gave me a

chance to study the government machinery that had been put into operation against me. I found out that government had closed Islamia College at Peshawar as well as other schools and colleges all over the province and that the students were being made to canvass votes for the Muslim League.

I saw British ladies going round canvassing too. They would go to people's homes, and, cleverly making use of the custom of exchanging scarves when greeting a visitor, they would say :

"I have come to visit you, so you must give me a *dupatta* (scarf). But the *dupatta* I want is your vote."

The daughter of Begum Shahabaz, too, had come from Punjab with a group of girls to work in the election campaign.

Large numbers of students from Aligarh Muslim University and from Islamia College, Calcutta, and workers and leaders of the Muslim League from many parts of India had been brought to the Frontier Province. And the Government and the Muslim League had also recruited religious leaders from Punjab and the Frontier Province to work in this election campaign.

When I saw how hard and how enthusiastically these Britishers and their wives were working on behalf of the Muslim League, I changed my mind and decided that I would also take part in the campaign. There was only one month to go before the elections.

The issue at stake in this election of 1946—the last general election in United India—was : India or Pakistan, Hindu or Muslim, Islam or Kufr, temple or mosque.

The Muslim League canvassers asked people : "Are you giving your vote to the mosque or to the temple? "

Unlike the other Muslims in India, however, the Pathans were politically awake, they had perception,

and nobody could mislead them in the name of Islam. They knew the real meaning of Islam. They had learnt this in their nationalist movement, they had learnt to make sacrifices to serve their country. Nowhere else in India had the Muslims participated in this kind of nationalist movement.

The polling day came. The British went all out to help the Muslim League and hinder the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. But by the grace of God the Muslim League was defeated and we won the elections with a large majority. The government and its machinery had done everything to stop us from winning the elections. We considered this so unbecoming on their part, that after we had discussed it amongst ourselves, we decided that we could not, under these circumstances, form a ministry. In our refusal to form a ministry we said that we would be prepared to form a ministry only on the condition that we would take action and punish those Government officers who, in contradiction to Service Rules and Regulations, had worked against us in the elections. When Dr. Khan Saheb learnt what we had decided, he sent word to Sardar Patel, because in his opinion we ought to form the ministry.

Sardar Patel sent Maulana Abul Kalam Azad to the Frontier Province to help us solve the problem. We held a meeting in Peshawar and we told Maulana Azad frankly that we were not prepared to form a ministry unless the Government agreed to our conditions. Then the Maulana Saheb went to Delhi and returned with a letter from the Viceroy which said, in rather vague terms, that the government agreed to our conditions. After due consultation with our colleagues we decided to form a ministry, but we stipulated that all authority should be in the hands of a Central Committee.

In July 1946 Maulana Azad and I were elected by the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and the Frontier Assembly to be members of the Central Assembly, the purpose of which was to give India a Constitution. There were three members for the Frontier Province, Maulana Azad, myself, and the third was a resident of Hazara district, where the Muslim League had been active and its candidate had won the election.

The fact that we had secured such a clear majority in an election which was fought on very clear issues, and under conditions in which the government had allied itself with the Muslim League and had used all the Muslim leaders in India and all its power against us, could only mean one thing: that the majority of people in the country were behind us.

When, therefore, in spite of all this, another referendum* in 1947 was forced upon us, we considered this gross injustice and refused to have anything to do with such a referendum.

We decided to boycott it so that the world might learn of the gross injustice that was to be inflicted upon us. Not only was the Viceroy's order for a new referendum illogical and unreasonable but it was also discriminating and partial. If the British meant this to be their parting gift to us, we did not accept it.

Whereas everywhere in India the representative Assemblies had been asked to decide whether they wanted to remain in India or go over to Pakistan, the North-West Frontier Province[†] Assembly had not been given this right to choose. This was an insult to the whole nation of the Pashtuns, which we could not under any circumstances tolerate.

* † See Partition of India, p. 200

I must confess that it also hurt and grieved me deeply that even the Congress Working Committee did not lift a finger to help us, as we had hoped they would. Tied hand and foot, they delivered us into the hands of our enemies. The Congress Working Committee did not show the same indifference and callousness in the case of Assam, when the Chief Minister, Gopinath Bardolai, refused to recognise the Grouping Clause (Cripps-Lawrence Plan 1946). Then the Congress Working Committee spoke up and supported this stand.

Personally, I was not against the Grouping Clause. When Gandhiji asked me why not, I said that I considered any scheme better than the partition of the country.

Under these circumstances and after such treatment by the Congress, the question whether I wanted to remain in India or go over to Pakistan is not only unnecessary, but improper, because the Congress, which was the representative body in India, not only deserted us but delivered us into the hands of our enemies. To meet them now is like killing all my Pathan self-respect, ethics and traditions.

As to our attitude towards Pakistan it is no longer in question. It was the issue on which we fought the Muslim League in the elections in our province, and there is no point in breaking my head over it now.

The demand I made was that if a referendum was to be held at all it should be a referendum on the question of "Pakhtunistan or Pakistan?" But nobody listened to me and the referendum was forced upon us. As we refused to take part in this referendum the way was clear for the Muslim League, and they used all the cunning, deceit, and force they could command. In

spite of all that they got only 50% of the votes, which is nowhere enough to decide the fate of a country or a nation.

The British, who ought to have remained neutral in this referendum as it behoves a just and honest Government, openly had the police and the army canvass for votes. They also posted police and army personnel at the polling booths and even forged the signatures of people who did not want to take part in the referendum.

In 1958, when I was in the central prison in Haripur Hazara, one of my fellow prisoners, Col. Bashir, told me the following story in connection with the referendum. He was in the Army and he and his company were stationed at Litamber near Bannu. On the day of the referendum, he told me, he had taken his company out to the polling booths three times, so that the soldiers could register forged votes in favour of Pakistan. Afterwards he had been given a senior post in the Intelligence Department and later pensioned off. Then he had committed some offence and had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and we happened to be in the same prison.

Because the Red Shirts, the *Khudai Khidmatgars*, refused to take part in this referendum, the government servants and their henchmen, the Muslim League, registered thousands of false votes in their names. Even the name of Khan Amir Mohammed Khan, had, as I had already suspected, been falsely registered.

The Cabinet Mission

THE Muslim League had boycotted the Indian Constituent Assembly. I had discussed this question at length with the Muslim members and I had told them that they should co-operate with the Assembly and propose to make India a democratic republic.

“If the Hindus agree to this we will join the Federation and if they do not agree, our province will leave the Federation. I would then be in favour of seceding from the Federation and making our province into a sovereign state.”

But the Muslims had been misled to such an extent that they would not listen to anything or anybody. They had only one answer: “You have become a Hindu.”

Meanwhile a Cabinet Mission under the leadership of Lord Pethick Lawrence had arrived from London. I was a member of the Indian delegation that was to have discussion with the Cabinet Mission. There were four of us, Congress members Maulana Abul Kalam

Azad, Jawaharlalji, Sardar Patel and myself. There were four Muslim League members too: Jinnah, Liaquat Ali, Nawab Ismail and Abdulrab Nishtar.

We started our discussions at Simla. When we discussed the agenda for the second day of the conference, we said that first of all we would like to know whether the British government was prepared to give India her freedom and withdraw her troops, or not? "We do not want to get so involved in discussing other topics," we said, "that we lose sight of our real object."

So, the next day at the conference, Jawaharlal Nehru asked those two questions.

The Viceroy, Lord Wavell, said to Panditji:

"We are certainly leaving India. But in whose charge shall we give her? Have you decided that?"

Jawaharlalji replied: "You may give her to the Muslim League if you like, as long as you go!"

This impressed Mr. Jinnah, too, and he said:

"Very well, we shall discuss this in private."

Then the meeting adjourned. Jinnah Saheb and Jawaharlalji got up and went into the next room. They emerged after a couple of hours. They had decided that a 3-man Committee should be appointed, of which one was to be a Congress leader, one a Muslim League leader and the head of the Committee should be someone acceptable to both of them. Any decision we took unanimously would stand, and in case of any difference of opinion this Committee of three would give the final decision. We were given two days to select such a Committee. On the third day, when we met for our discussion, and Lord Pethick Lawrence, who was an extremely nice and gentle Englishman, asked Jinnah what we had decided, Jinnah denied the whole thing. I beckoned Nishtar Saheb to come over

to me, and I asked him to beg of Jinnah Saheb not to spoil everything now, because Gandhiji had told my Congress colleagues, in my presence, to grant the Muslims all that they asked for, provided their request was unanimous.

Nishtar Saheb went and stood behind Jinnah's chair, but Jinnah took no notice of him. Nishtar Saheb remained standing there for a few minutes and then he resumed his seat. Thus the whole affair was spoiled.

In actual fact the British never wanted to see harmony and concord between the Hindus and the Muslims, and they were determined to divide the country.

When it became evident that no agreement could be reached between the Congress and the Muslim League, the Cabinet Mission took its own decision. Having announced its plans, the Mission returned to London. The Viceroy formed an interim government. And the British Parliament announced that the British would leave India in six months' time.

Jawaharlal's Visit to the Frontiers

BECAUSE of some differences of opinion the Congress refused to have anything to do with the formation of the interim government. The Muslim League decided that in that case they would do so but the Viceroy would not give them permission. In the end the Congress agreed to form an interim government.

When this government had been established I told Jawaharlalji that millions of rupees were being spent on the tribal areas of the North West Frontier Province, but that the people themselves derived no benefit at all from this heavy expenditure. All the money was spent by the British, the tribal chiefs and maliks and their servants.

"We are in authority now," I told Jawaharlalji, "so why don't you come and see those poor tribal areas for yourself? Come and meet the people, they are so poor and so oppressed, but you will love them. They live among the barren mountains, and have no earthly possessions. If something, however little, could be

done to enable them to earn a living, if there could be schools for their children, they would be filled with new hope and courage and all the troubles that arise from time to time would stop."

Jawaharlal agreed with me and promised that he would visit the tribal areas as soon as possible and see what could be done for the people. But when he was ready to go, the Viceroy would not give him permission.

"But I have promised," Jawaharlal told the Viceroy, "and I want to go."

The Viceroy realized that Jawaharlal was determined to go, permission or no permission. So he did not say anything more about it, but he instructed the Governor of the Frontier Province, Sir Olaf Caroc, to deal with Jawaharlalji. This Governor was a sworn enemy the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement and a great friend of the Muslim League. He went to Delhi and spent three days with Jawaharlal, trying to dissuade him from going, but Jawaharlal was determined.

When he returned from Delhi, Sir Olaf instructed all the Political Agents to put as many obstacles in Nehru's way as they possibly could.

When Nehru arrived, we set out on our tour of the tribal areas. We encountered innumerable difficulties on the way, and we knew that they were all the Governor's doings. We first of all went to Waziristan. All the Political Agents there were British. They were most courteous and they put all kinds of obstacles in our way in a most polite manner. They mobilised hostile demonstrations. When we met the Miranshah *Jirga* and I was about to address them the whole *Jirga* stood up as one man and started shouting that they did not want a Hindu government. When we arrived at Razmak the same thing happened. Then we went

to Wana and the whole performance was repeated there too.

When we returned to Miranshah and met all the Political Agents as well as the Resident, Nehru asked them what benefit the common people had derived from all the millions of rupees that had been spent on the tribal areas. Nobody replied.

I said: "But they have done so much for the Pathans! "

The British officers looked pleased.

"Yes," I continued, "they have managed to demoralise the Pathans and they have made them so money-minded that if you show a Pathan a handful of money he will throw away his country, his religion and his community. They mean nothing to him any more. 'All this will pass away,' he will say, 'but money remains for ever. ' "

The British officers no longer looked pleased.

When we all sat down to eat, a young British officer from Wana said to me, "So according to you, we have done nothing for this country ! "

I replied, "Of your own accord you have done nothing. If you think you have done any good anywhere, kindly show me what and where. "

Bouquets and Brickbats

FROM Miranshah we went to Tank and then to Jhandola. The Political Agent here was a Hindu, called Diwan Shivsaranlal. The tribesmen here gave us a very warm welcome and they even brought sheep for us. We had long discussions with them and they were in agreement with everything we said. Everywhere along the road to Jhandola we were warmly welcomed by groups of tribesmen, who had been waiting for us to pass by. From Jhandola we went back to Peshawar.

The next day we went to Khyber where the Political Agent was a Muslim called Sahibzada Khurshed. When our caravan reached Jamrud we saw some Afridis sitting a little distance away from the road and brandishing their shoes at us. We went on as far as Torkham (now on the Pakistan-Afghanistan border). We had tea at Torkham and then proceeded to Landi Kotal, where we found groups of people sitting by the side of the road. As soon as we came in sight they began to pelt

stones at us. The Political Agent's car was in front. He stopped the car and got out. The armed escort fired a few rounds and the people fled. A few stones were thrown at our car, but though the window was broken, nobody was hurt. The only casualty was an Englishman in our party who had got down the car to take photos and had been hit by one of the flying stones.

The next day's tour took us to Malakand agency. We had learnt that the Political Agent for Malakand had been to Peshawar to see the Governor. This Agent, Sheikh Mahboob Ali was an extremely mean and unscrupulous individual. He had been responsible for great suffering and even spiritual agony among our people. He was the same Mahboob Ali who, when he was in Kabul in the service of the British Ambassador David Humphrey, had made a name for himself for the part he played in overthrowing Amanullah Khan, and placing Bacha Sakka on his throne. And now he was responsible for most of the unpleasant incidents that occurred during our tour. One of these incidents took place at Malakand.

A man may forget God and become so full of pride and arrogance that he thinks he can get away with anything. But he should remember that the wrath of God may overtake him at any moment. Everyone knows that where this Mahboob Ali's house once stood, now asses bray. At the end of his life he met with so much disrespect and had to bear such terrible suffering that even the hardest of hearts would soften towards him. He had a wife and two daughters. One of his daughters was shot by his nephew, in his own house and before his very eyes. The other daughter also died. His wife ran away, with every penny he

possessed. And today no one even remembers his name. He has left neither children nor a good reputation and he himself has already been called to account for his deeds before God, to whom belongs all reckoning.

Well, this was Mahboob Ali who was the Political Agent in Malakand. I asked Jawaharlal, whether he still wanted to go to Malakand. He replied that we should stick to our itinerary. In Waziristan we had an escort of soldiers, but in Khyber police had accompanied us. I asked Dr. Khan Saheb to arrange for soldiers to escort us to Malakand, and I added that if he could not, I would arrange for *Khudai Khidmatgars* to escort us. I asked him not to accept only a police escort. He replied that he would certainly arrange to have soldiers accompany us.

But when we arrived at Risalpur, we found only the police waiting to escort us. I became very angry indeed, and wanted to leave the party there and then, but on second thoughts I did not. After all, Jawaharlal had come for my sake, and I could not desert him now. We arrived in Malakand a little ahead of schedule and there was nobody to receive us. While we were in the Fort, having tea, we heard some shouting outside and concluded that the Sheikh's men had arrived. They had actually come at the right time, whereas we had arrived early.

There were *Khudai Khidmatgars* in Malakand Agency too. Rahat Khan, a distinguished *Khudai Khidmatgars* leader, came to see me late at night and he told me that Sheikh Mahboob Ali had sent for a lot of people and that we should be on our guard. We spent the night in Malakand.

The Sheikh was always flattering Dr. Khan Saheb and unfortunately it was the Doctor's one weakness

that he could not resist flattery. When the morning came and it was time for us to go, a *Khudai Khidmatgar* came to tell us that crowds of people were waiting for us on the road, obviously with no good intentions, and that we should take precautions. I took the Doctor Saheb on one side and told him what I had just learnt. The Sheikh was watching us from a distance. Then he slowly came nearer and asked Dr. Khan Saheb what was the matter. The Doctor told him, whereupon the Sheikh said: "Don't I look upon you as my father? Am I not a Pathan? Do you believe I am such a scoundrel that I would do this to you, do you?"

The Doctor Saheb trusted the Sheikh and said: "Come on, let's go." Without even waiting for the police escort, he left the room and we followed him. The Sheikh was walking in front. Some Englishmen were waiting for Jawaharlal at the gate, and we stopped the car, so that they could greet Nehru. In the meantime the Sheikh had sneaked out, and when we drove out of the gate and had gone past the Britishers, the people who were waiting outside began to pelt stones at us. They had put a lorry across the road to block our way. One of the stones hit me in the back and I almost fainted. A jamadar who was travelling with us and who was sitting in front, ducked to avoid the stones. Dr. Khan's eyes fell on the man's revolver and he quickly picked it up and pointed it at the crowd through the car window, shouting:

"Stand back, or I'll shoot!."

When the people saw the revolver, they ran away. Then Dr. Khan told the driver of the lorry to move off. The driver got frightened and drove the lorry away. We heaved a sigh of relief.

The people had begun to throw stones at us as soon

as we left the Fort and the Englishmen had seen what was happening, yet they had not lifted a finger to help us. And that in spite of the fact that Jawaharlal Nehru, Minister of External Affairs in the Central Government, was in our party, as well as the Prime Minister of the North-West Frontier Province, Dr. Khan Saheb. When we were coming down the hill at Malakand we had to stop the car because the window was broken and we had all sustained injuries. When we got down the car we saw that our escort was coming towards us, and that the officer in charge was the Deputy Commissioner of Mardan, Mr. Curtis. He had been instructed by the government to escort and protect us. He came over to us and began to apologise for not arriving in time. But we knew all the time that this had been a conspiracy between him and Sheikh Mahboob Ali.

Before we continued our journey I told Dr. Khan Saheb that one lorry should go in front of us and one follow immediately behind. And whenever there were people collecting on the road, the lorry in front should stop, and the soldiers should get down and order the people to move away. If they refused, the soldiers could use their lathis. If even that did not drive them away the soldiers in the lorry behind would have to fire a few shots in the air.

Coming down from Malakand we arrived at Dargai and there again we found a crowd waiting to throw stones at us. One stone was flung at Jawaharlal but I put out my hand and changed its course. But I had injured my own hand. One man threw a pot of filth into the car. Jawaharlal and I escaped it, but Dr. Khan Saheb was completely soaked with it. With great difficulty we eventually reached Peshawar.

Actually all this trouble was due to Dr. Khan Saheb's

fault. If he had allowed us to make our own arrangements, we would have seen to it that we had adequate protection.

The following day we held a meeting at our centre. But this time we had taken precautions, and in spite of Government planning and plotting, nobody had the courage to come near us or our meeting and create trouble.

The next day we sent word to Dr. Khan Saheb that we had made our own arrangements and that we needed neither his nor the Government's protection. When everything had been arranged and I was sitting down with Jawaharlal, I received the information that a number of Britishers had gone to Dr. Khan Saheb's bungalow, and that they were making arrangements for soldiers to escort us. Just then Dr. Khan Saheb himself arrived and I asked him to dismiss the British and their troops as we did not need them either.

The Doctor Saheb said: "What is wrong with letting them come along too?"

But I refused and said we did not want them. Then I myself went out and told the British:

"When we needed your protection, you did nothing to provide it. Today we do not need you or your protection, we have made our own arrangements. Kindly leave us alone and do not follow us."

Then the British went to see Mullah Gori and plotted with him. Mullah Gori was a *mureed* of Pir Saheb Manki Sharif.

The plot was that our party would be attacked at a spot fourteen miles from Peshawar, where the road ran into the metalled Charsadda Road. But we were prepared for such eventualities. The Muslim Leaguers would have liked to create some mischief, but they

did not have the courage.

The road from Peshawar to our centre at Sardaryab was lined on both sides with *Khudai Khidmatgars* in their red uniforms. The people of the villages, who had heard about the incidents at Malakand had also come, and they had brought arms with them. They stood behind the Red Shirts who were, of course, unarmed, as they had taken a vow of non-violence. But the ordinary Pathans had no such restrictions. They had great sympathy for us. However, they were not Red Shirts, and they said that if there was any violence, they would meet it with violence.

A few Muslim League men came to the centre, intending to create trouble, but when they saw the armed villagers, they fled.

Thousands of people came to the meeting at the centre. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* had made excellent arrangements to accommodate such a large number of people and the meeting was a great success.

Jawaharlal was presented with an address of welcome on behalf of the *Khudai Khidmatgars* and he made a speech in reply. Then I also gave a talk.

When the meeting was over we went back to Peshawar and the next day Jawaharlal returned to Delhi.

On Non-Violence

WHEN I was released from prison in 1945 I was seriously ill. I always get ill when I am in prison.

Gandhiji was in Bombay at that time and he wrote and asked me to go to Bombay too. Whenever I went to Bombay, or to Sevagram, I used to spend at least one night in Delhi with Devadas Gandhi. Devadas' wife was always very hospitable and kind, and I felt completely at home with them. I never had the feeling that I was a visitor or a guest.

Well, I went to Bombay. Gandhiji was staying with the Birlas and they invited me too. When we were chatting one day, the subject of non-violence came up, and I said to Gandhiji :

"Gandhiji, you have been preaching non-violence in India for a long time now, but I started teaching the Pathans non-violence only a short time ago. Yet, in comparison, the Pathans seem to have learned this lesson and grasped the idea of non-violence much quicker and much better than the Indians. Just think

how much violence there was in India during the war, in 1942. Yet in the North West Frontier Province, in spite of all the cruelty and the oppression the British inflicted upon them, not one Pathan resorted to violence, though they, too, possess the instruments of violence. How do you explain that? ’

Gandhiji replied :

“Non-violence is not for cowards. It is for the brave, the courageous. And the Pathans are more brave and courageous than the Hindus. That is the reason why the Pathans were able to remain non-violent.”

Whenever I am at a prayer meeting in a Harijan Colony, or at Sevagram, or anywhere else, I always read first from the Holy Koran. At Sevagram, a Japanese Buddhist used to chant from his holy scriptures. Then the Hindu prayers would begin. Gandhiji had the same respect for all religions, and he believed that they were all based on the same Truth. And that has always been my firm belief, too. I have studied both the Holy Koran and the Bhagavat Gita profoundly and reverently.

When I was in Dera Ghazi Khan prison my Sikh fellow prisoners often read out to me from the Guru Granth Sahib. I was also very interested in studying Buddhism because our people were Buddhists before they embraced Islam. But, alas, I have never come across any book on Buddhism that I could have studied. I became acquainted with the New Testament when I was at the Mission High School and in prison I often used to read the Old Testament. I was also very interested in the Parsee religion, the teachings of Zoroaster because he was our messenger, he was born in Balkh in Afghanistan. But, again alas! until now I have not been able to find any literature about him. I have,

asked Khursheedbehn and some Parsee friends, but nobody has yet sent me any book on Zoroaster and his teachings.

My religion is truth, love, and service to God and humanity.

Every religion that has come into the world has brought the message of love and brotherhood. And those who are indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-men, those whose hearts are empty of love, those who do not know the meaning of brotherhood, those who harbour hatred and resentment in their hearts, they do not know the meaning of Religion.

Revenge Upon Revenge

THE riots and disturbances that broke out all over India in 1946 were really the result of the Muslim League's Direct Action in Calcutta.

Admittedly some Hindus had been killed during the first disturbances in Calcutta, but when the Hindus and the Sikhs followed the Muslim League's example, and resorted to violence, unspeakable and irreparable harm was done to the Muslim lives and property there.

Then the Muslim League, with the intention of keeping the disturbances going, struck at Noakhali, on the pretext of taking revenge on behalf of Calcutta. They created a hell for the Hindus at Noakhali and committed such cruelties that any one with any human feelings would hang his head in shame.

The British, true to their policy of "divide and rule", also caught the Hindus in their net. And the Hindus, on the pretext of revenge, kept the memory of Chenghis Khan alive in Bihar.

The Muslim League's dream had come true. The .

day for which they had longed and prayed to God, had dawned at last.

What was behind the disgusting and unholy plans the Muslim League was brooding on? What was the purpose of the fires of hatred and revenge they were lighting all over the country. Why were their hands red with the blood of their countrymen? All this could only mean, that either the Muslim League wanted to assume absolute power, or that they wanted to break up the country into pieces. The British were pleased to see the Muslim League playing into their hands, for they could now convince the Labour government in London that the Indians were just a bunch of hooligans, who were after each other's blood and that they were absolutely unable to take up the responsibilities of freedom. The Government should realize—so the officials in India thought—that British rule was absolutely necessary in India, for if the British ever left India the Indians would destroy each other in no time.

I went to Bihar myself. In the Patna district the Muslims had suffered terrible losses. All over Bihar houses had been looted, destroyed and set on fire, and many people had been killed. I made a tour of the villages and everywhere I found destruction and desolation. Most of the people had left and the few who remained had been put into camps. But in spite of all the destruction, the Muslim League's fury had not yet abated. They wanted to make political profit out of all this misery and tried to persuade the poor victims to migrate to Bengal whereas I was worrying about how to rehabilitate them in their own villages and their own homes.

But the Muslim League was putting such a pressure on them that they did not listen to me. I went to see

the Muslim League leaders. They were all hiding in Barrister Yunus' magnificent house and whenever I went there I found them eating and drinking.

I told them: "I have come to make this request: put a stop to all the misery now. Hasn't there been enough destruction? If you really want these poor people to migrate to Bengal and you really want to rehabilitate them there, I have no objection. But it would be most improper on your part to use them for your own ends. These people have suffered a great deal already. Please don't make them suffer any more."

But the Muslim League leaders were ruthless and they sent the Bihari refugees to Bengal. The monsoon was approaching and I had hoped to rebuild the villagers' homes and resettle them before the rains came. But the Muslim League leaders would not co-operate with me. Obviously they were not interested in reconstruction, but only in destruction.

The Muslims who migrated to Bengal were worse off than those who stayed on. Some died on the way and some died when they reached Bengal. The survivors returned to Patna. They had come to their senses and they now realized that the Muslim League was neither able nor willing to do anything for them. They had found out, too, that they were being used as pawns in the Muslim League's political game.

Many of the Muslim villagers had buried their valuables before leaving their homes, and they now wanted someone to guide and escort them back to their villages and help them dig up their belongings. But the Muslim Leaguers were too afraid to leave Patna. I was the only one to accompany the villagers to their former homes and to help them recover their belongings.

Having suffered so much misery and hardship the

villagers now came to me and said they were worried, because the monsoon was approaching and they had no place to live. They asked me to use my influence with the Bihar government to get them resettled before the rainy season. At my request the Bihar government did make arrangements to rehabilitate them and immediately started building houses. The monsoon was around the corner; the progress of the reconstruction work was not unsatisfactory. But I thought that if Mahatma Gandhi could visit Bihar, the work might get a spurt and might be finished before the rains came.

So I wrote to Gandhiji, who was in Noakhali, because a great deal of damage had been caused there too. As soon as he received my letter he came and made a tour of the villages. Wherever he went he comforted people in their afflictions and inspired them with new hope. The reconstruction work made rapid progress.

Mridulabehn had also come with Gandhiji; she was his secretary at that time. She felt great sympathy for the poor, victimised Muslims and did a great deal for them. I shall never forget her humanitarian efforts for which I shall always be grateful to her. In those days in Bihar our relationship became like father and daughter—and it still is.

Partition of India

AFTER Bihar it was the turn of Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province to bear the full brunt of the Muslim League's revenge. The Muslim Leaguers not only seized the land and property of the Hindus and the Sikhs, but, in their anxiety to overthrow the constitutional government, they started very unconstitutional and un-Islamic riots and disturbances, and behaved like hooligans.

I was still in Bihar, working among the Muslims there. The Frontier Assembly was in session. In Punjab the riots started in Multan, Amritsar, Ambala, Rawalpindi and Gujrat. From there they spread to Peshawar. With the intention of forcing him to resign, the Muslim League launched a campaign of slander and abuse against Dr. Khan Saheb. They began to murder innocent people in the lanes and marketplaces of Peshawar. In order to get hold of one Hindu girl from Hazara district the Muslim Leaguers started a "civil disobedience" campaign. They did not

have the moral strength to break down the solidarity of Dr. Khan Saheb's firmly established ministry. So they resorted to mischief and hooliganism.

Jawaharlal and other Congress ministers in the interim government were greatly disturbed by this outbreak of violence. In the end, against all our hopes, even the Congress was agreed to the partition of the country.

On 3rd June 1947 Lord Mountbatten announced the Partition and the Congress and the Muslim League formally agreed to the creation of Pakistan. Dr. Khan Saheb released all Muslim League prisoners. The British had made the prisons like clubs for the Muslim Leaguers. In the Frontier Province the prisoners went out for walks in the city, and even went home and stayed there for the night.

The Congress Government was a government in name only. The British government officials did not give Dr. Khan Saheb the slightest bit of help or co-operation.

But for the Hindus the great blessing of this ministry was that the Governor could not destroy them altogether, because Dr. Khan Saheb stood in the way. The Governor was also a stumbling block in Dr. Khan Saheb's way and he would not let the Doctor give the Hindus the complete protection he would have liked to give them. But the main point of difference between the Governor and the Doctor Saheb was the protection of the Pathan minority. •

Some Anglophiles and Anglo-Indians, and some of those who danced to the tune of the Muslim League demanded that the *Khudai Khidmatgar* ministry be dismissed and Governor's rule proclaimed in the Frontier Province. (This was the same Governor

Caroe who was the enemy of the Hindus and the friend of the Muslim League). And to support their demands they hypocritically said that the *Khudai Khidmatgar* government was not able to protect them. They did not understand that they were sounding their own death-knell.

In the town of Peshawar the shops were closed. The Hindus and Sikhs had locked themselves in. And even in their own homes and behind closed doors, their property, their wealth, and their honour were not safe.

Ten thousand *Khudai Khidmatgars*, in their red uniforms had arrived in Peshawar to protect the Hindus. As soon as the news of their arrival spread, the Hindus came out again, the shops opened and the business resumed. They knew that their lives and property would be safe now. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* were on duty day and night and people only needed to get a glimpse of a red uniform to feel re-assured and safe.

At the time of the elections the Muslim League had sent one Major Khurshed, a Punjabi, to canvass for them. This Major had been dismissed from the army because of misbehaviour.

The Muslim League had sent him with the intention of instigating a civil war among the Pathans. The lectures he delivered for the Muslim League in Peshawar breathed hatred. He used to say that the handful of Congress leaders, who were keeping the whole nation under their thumb, ought to be murdered.

"Why don't you hire some men to get rid of these leaders," he said. "It won't cost you more than ten or twenty thousand rupees. Unless you get them out of the way, you mark my words, the path will never be clear for us."

With these lectures he hoped to confuse the people

to the extent that they would start quarrelling and fighting amongst themselves. He reasoned that if just one *Khudai Khidmatgar* leader were killed, the Pathans would fall back into their old custom of taking revenge, and start killing the other Muslim leaders. From then on, so Major Khurshed thought, they would all be so pre-occupied with the feuds that they would forget everything else and in the end destroy themselves. He wanted to destroy not only the *Khudai Khidmatgars*, but the whole Pathan community. But when our people found out Major Khurshed's real intentions, they formed a new organisation for the protection of the *Khudai Khidmatgars*. This organisation was called *Zalmai Pashtun* and it consisted of young men, who did not themselves believe in non-violence. But, they argued, as the *Khudai Khidmatgars* never used violence, though violence was frequently used against them, they needed the protection of young men who would counter the violence. They made a public announcement that henceforth *Zalmai Pashtun* would protect the *Khudai Khidmatgars*.

The Muslim Leaguers reacted by founding a rival organisation, which they called *Ghazi Pakhtun*. But the whole nation was behind the *Zalmai Pashtun*.

Some Khans and Maliks, who still wanted to find favour with the British, sympathised with the Muslim League, but they did not have the courage to carry out Major Khurshed's programmes for they realized that if they did, nobody would get away with his life. So that was the end of Major Khurshed and the Punjabis' plan to destroy the Pathans.

I had gone to Delhi to attend the meeting of the Congress Working Committee. It was the meeting at which the partition of the country was discussed.

Gandhiji and I were against partition. I cannot say what the other members felt about it, because I had not talked to them yet. But Sardar Patel and Rajagopalachari were in favour of partition and they were putting pressure on others.*

The question of a referendum in the North-West Frontier Province was also discussed. Gandhiji and I were against the referendum too. I said there was no need at all for a referendum. Less than a year ago the election in the North-West Frontier Province had been fought on the issue of India or Pakistan. We had won this election with a large majority and the Muslim League had lost. It was as simple as that.

Sardar Patel and Rajagopalachari did not see eye to eye with us on this question and they put a lot of pressure on the Working Committee and argued about the desirability of referendum at great length. Finally the Working Committee agreed with them and voted in favour of both the partition of the country and the referendum.

On this occasion I told the Working Committee and Gandhiji that we Pathans were standing side by side with them in the struggle for the freedom of India and that we had made great sacrifices for the cause. "But you are deserting us now," I told them, "and throwing us to the wolves." We held an election on the question of India or Pakistan, and we won this election with a large majority. Is there any doubt about what the Pakhtuns wanted? It was clear to the whole world. That is one reason why we do not want a referendum. And another reason is that India has left us in the lurch. So why should we have a referendum on the issue of "India or Pakistan"?

*See chapter Election or Referendum, p. 174

Our people were very disappointed and a little , annoyed too, I am afraid, because of this weakness on the part of the Congress. That is why we said that if there was to be a referendum at all, it should be on the question of Pakhtunistan or Pakistan.

After all, it was not we who had left the Congress. The Congress had deserted us. If we had left the Congress of our own accord, the British would have given us what we wanted, but we did not want to leave. I am convinced that, if the Congress had pressed this issue, if they had been as firm about it as they were about the question of Gurdaspur, or as firm as Jinnah was about this question, the British would have had to listen to them.

It is our great misfortune that Gandhiji is no longer amongst us. If he were still alive, I am certain he would have helped us. We had great hopes from , Jawaharlal and no doubt he did great things, but I cannot understand why did he not do anything for us, the Pathans?

When the Congress Working Committee agreed to the partition of the country and the referendum, I felt as if they had pronounced a death sentence on all the Pathans. I sat there, confounded and deeply distressed. Maulana Azad was sitting beside me.

He advised me: "You ought to join the Muslim League now."

It still makes me sad, and I still wonder what on earth made him say a thing like that. For the Maulana had always been as much against the Muslim League's principles and practices as I was, and until then there was no evidence of any change in their policy which could have made it possible for us to become members. The Muslim League worked only for

destruction, and I had devoted my whole life to construction. If the Maulana thought it was right for me to join the Muslim League, why had he not told me so before? Why had he kept his opinion to himself all this time? Coming suddenly like this and at a time like this, his advice neither influenced nor impressed me. I cannot change my beliefs and principles at a moment's notice, nor did I want my country and my people to change colour like a chameleon.

When, after the partition, the Ahrar Movement (*Majlis-e-Ahrar-Islam*) joined the Muslim League, Liaquat Ali snubbed them and threw them out of the League.

Is This Freedom ?

IN the course of the first eighteen years of the existence of Pakistan, I spent fifteen years in prison. And during this imprisonment—and may God save you all from this experience, Amen!—thousands of *Khudai Khidmatgars* lost their lives. They were not only imprisoned, but treated very badly and cruelties that no man can endure were inflicted upon them.

After the Partition I said :

“Now that the existence of Pakistan is a fact, and the Congress and the Muslim League have both accepted that fact, I only wish to serve my country and my people, without asking for a share in anything. My people are now loyal citizens of Pakistan and we will do our bit for the reconstruction and the progress of the country.”

But the Pakistan Government was not impressed and even falsely accused me of wanting to obstruct their plans of reconstruction. So they arrested me. They alleged that I had visited the tribal areas. My son

Wali was arrested on the same charge and after some time Dr. Khan Saheb and my son Ghani suffered the same fate.

I was produced before the Deputy Commissioner of Kohat. He wanted me to furnish security of good behaviour. I asked him why? He replied that I was against Pakistan. When I asked if he had any proof, he told me not to argue. So I refused to furnish security. Whereupon he sentenced me, there and then to three years' hard labour, and I was sent to Montgomery prison. I did not get any remission of my sentence either. And even after I had served my full term, I was kept under surveillance, according to a 1918 Regulation. I was not released till January 1954 and when I was released it was only a release in name. I was arrested again and again, and in this way Pakistan kept me a prisoner for fifteen years.

Though we did not commit any crimes, the treatment the Pakistan Government meted out to us from the very beginning was more cruel, and more unjust than anything we had suffered under the rule of the foreign infidels. The British had never looted our homes, but the Islamic Government of Pakistan did.

The British had never stopped us from holding public meetings or publishing newspapers, but the Islamic Government of Pakistan did both.

The British had never treated the Pakhtun women disrespectfully, but the Islamic Government of Pakistan did. I could go on and on, but what is the use?

One Friday in Charsadda, Pathans and their wives were on their way to the mosque to offer their Friday prayers, and to ask for God's blessings for their brothers in prison. They were carrying copies of the Holy Koran on their heads and as they were about to enter

the mosque, soldiers of the Islamic Pakistan Government →trained their machine guns on the procession and opened fire. Not only were many faithful Pathans and their women riddled with bullets, but also the Holy Koran!

In prison the Islamic Government of Pakistan treated us ten times more cruelly and unfairly than the British had ever done. In the Pakistani prisons the light in my cell or barrack was always kept on throughout the night. In Hyderabad (Sindh) I was kept in solitary confinement and nobody was allowed to visit me. The climate there did not agree with me, in fact it was very injurious to my health and consequently I fell ill. I developed kidney trouble and this affected my feet, but the jailor who was a Punjabi Muslim, did not care. He did give me some kind of medicine, which, however, did me no good at all.

Finally, I was transferred to Lahore prison. I was 'still ill. From here I was sent to Montgomery prison, and locked up in a cell. My health was no better, in fact, it worsened day by day.

I spent fifteen years in British prison and the Islamic Government of Pakistan kept me in prison for another fifteen years, all told. And they made me pay fines as well. Once they seized a part of my estate in lieu of a Rs. 15,000 fine, though the real value of this land was more than Rs. 50,000.

If the British were cruel to us it was because they were our enemies. But I cannot understand why and for what crime the Islamic Pakistani Government kept me and thousands of *Khudai Khidmatgars* in prison for so many years.

I am afraid I do not entertain any friendly feelings for Pakistan. Pakistan was founded on hatred. She was born not of love but of hatred and she grew up on hatred,

on malice, on spite and hostility.

Pakistan was created by the grace of the British in order that the Hindus and the Muslims might forever be at war and forget that they were brothers.

Pakistan is unable to think in terms of peace and friendship. She wants to keep the Pakistani people under control by making them live in a nightmare of riots, assaults, and "holy" war.

Have We Lost Influence ?

IN his book Maulana Azad says: "In Calcutta some Pathans came to see me. When I offered them biscuits with tea, they told me they had never had biscuits before. 'Dr. Khan Saheb and Badshah Khan do eat biscuits, but they never offer us any,' they said."

The Maulana Saheb has been to the Frontier Province several times and he has enjoyed the Pathans' hospitality. He must have seen the equality we practise amongst ourselves. And the Pathans are not so poor that they have never seen a biscuit, or eaten one. Leave alone the guests, I eat and drink with my servants, and whatever I have, they have too. In our country it is considered very bad manners to take tea with biscuits and not to offer any to the visitors who may be there. I cannot think what kind of Pathans went to see Maulana Azad in Calcutta.

The Maulana Saheb also says in his book: "Instead of spending the Congress funds in their own province,

Dr. Khan Saheb and Badshah Khan used to send the money back to the Centre.”

According to the Maulana Saheb this economy and frugality on our part diminished our influence and the effect of our movement.

The *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement was not, like other movements, purely political. It was political, social, reformative, moral and spiritual. The *Khudai Khidmatgars* served their country and their people for the sake of God. They even paid for their own uniforms. We have never taken any money from the Congress. If the Congress had given us money, they must have given it to the Parliamentary Board. We consider improper use of national funds a crime before God.

If it is true that our movement has become less influential and effective, why should thousands of people still cling to it, the thousands suffer imprisonment for the cause? Of course we know that all the scorn, cruelties and injustice the Pakistan Government heaped on the *Khudai Khidmatgars* are aimed at making our movement less influential. But I cannot see that they have succeeded yet. Oh Maulana, show me just one organisation like ours, anywhere. Can you?

Well, I am glad that the Maulana Saheb has at least admitted one fact that we never took any money from the Congress and that we belonged to the Congress solely because we were working for a common aim—that was all.

The point that the Maulana Saheb makes about our returning the Congress' money needs clarification. The *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement never received any money. I repeat: if any money was ever given it must have been given to the Parliamentary Board.

As for the statement that we did not spend the money

on the Province, which—according to the Maulana Saheb was the reason why we lost influence—I suggest the Maulana Saheb had searched his memory. Did he remember what our strength was before Partition and when the *Khudai Khidmatgar* movement was not yet declared illegal? Surely, he will remember that we always won the elections. And that the government was in our hands. After the partition of the country and the creation of Pakistan there have been no elections, so how could Maulana Saheb judge our strength, our popularity and our influence?

I am looking forward to the time when free, general elections will be possible again in Pakistan. For only then will the world know which way my people are going and whom do they follow. This is the main conflict between me and the rulers of Pakistan.

And if anybody wants any evidence—other than the evidence of elections—of our influence, I would like him to consider this:

Are not thousands of people rotting in the prisons?
Are not hundreds of people sacrificing their lives?
Are not large numbers of people going into exile, fully knowing that all their property will be confiscated?
Are they not inspired and sustained by their devotion to the cause? Does anyone need any further proof?

Why was I put into prison? If I or my political party had no influence in the country, why was the Pakistan Government so afraid of me that they kept me behind the bars?

**SPEECHES
OF
BADSHAH KHAN
IN
KABUL**

ON January 30, 1934 Badshah Khan was released from prison. He was badly in need of medical treatment. In September 1934 he left for London. In December of the same year, still under treatment, he went to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The long years spent in prison had left their mark on his health, and though he was free at last, he was still suffering.

When he arrived in Kabul he was given a tremendous welcome. Arrangements for medical treatment and care were made immediately.

When he had regained his health Badshah Khan founded an organisation, a kind of crusader movement for the freedom of the Pakhtuns. A little later he made a tour of Afghanistan and the tribal areas, and to-day the people of Afghanistan and the Pakhtuns are peacefully struggling towards the realization of Pakhtunistan.

Badshah Khan, now settled in Afghanistan, lives very quietly and is absorbed in his work.

When I went to see him in Kabul I was extremely happy to find that even today Badshah Khan was able to work towards his goal with the same concentration and quiet devotion with which he fought the British Government. He was a great leader in the past and he still is a great leader. He was a great believer in non-violence in the past and this is still his fundamental belief.

Since he came to Kabul, Badshah Khan has delivered three political speeches, in which he answers the question: "Why Pakhtunistan?" and lifts the veil off all the deceptions of the Islamic Government of Pakistan.

—Nagina

FIRST SPEECH

Sisters and Brothers,

Today I first of all want to give thanks to God for His great mercy on the Pathan country and people. Many have tried to put an end to our country and our nation. But today Almighty has filled the hearts of the Pakhtuns with love and affection, and with the realization of brotherhood.

I also want to thank His Majesty the King of Afghanistan, the Prime Minister and his government for bringing the Pakhtuns from the mountains and the valleys together.

Ahmed Shah Abdali has fixed the boundaries of our native land as far as River Jhelum. But an Englishman, Mr. Olaf Caroe, came here at the invitation of Pakistan and he wrote a book, "Pathan". He fixes the frontier of our country at Margali. If the Margali boundary is recognized, the Pathan country stretches as

far as the river Amu and the people who live in that territory are all Pakhtuns.

Take a look at the world and at the nations of the world. Take America, for example. The people who live in America are not all of the same race, originally they did not all belong to the same nation. Some have come from Germany, some were born in France, some hail from Spain. Some are negroes and some are Englishmen. But now their country is America and they all call themselves Americans. I want to tell you Pathans, that the whole territory from Margoli to River Amu is the country of the Pakhtuns and anyone who lives in this country is a Pakhtun. I want to tell you another thing, and I want you to listen carefully. Those amongst you who are trying to tell you that Hazaris, Pakhtuns or Tajiks are different people, are not your friends, but your enemies. They are selfish, they are not concerned about your interests, only about their own.

It is a long time since I was last in your country and you may think—and even say—that I have forgotten you. But nothing is further from the truth. You have always remembered me, and I can never forget you, because you are my people, my brothers, my own kith and kin. But it was like this: First the British ruled our country and they cut our country into pieces. Not only did they divide the land into small sections, but they put up walls and barriers between us, and they would not allow me to go near you.

Then Pakistan came into being, and it had a Muslim Government, an Islamic government. They followed in the footsteps of the British. I want you to think carefully for a moment and look at the Pakistan government. Who are those people, who are in power

in Pakistan today and who decide what is black and what is white? They were all in the service of the British before. Do study them and you will see for yourselves that there is not one among them who has ever served his own country and his own people. They were all the kind of people who begged for a few crumbs from the British table. When the British left, there were a hundred million Muslims in India, but among them there was only one, a Pakhtun who had struggled against the British and spent his life trying to get them out of the country. The British were against us and their hearts were full of anger. When they left they wanted to stir up trouble in the country and so they created confusion, using the same people whom we had liberated from their slavery.

I am always telling you, the Pathans, that only by hard work and toil can you make a profit for yourself. But even then, if you do make a profit somehow, somewhere, you do not know how to keep it or how to utilize it. And this is what happened when the British left. We had made a great profit, we had got rid of the foreign rulers, we had freed the country. But nobody knew what to do with his freedom, how to utilize it, or how to protect it. Before they left, the British created a lot of discord among the Pakhtuns. And when they finally departed they put their friends in their place.

It is nine months now since I came to your country. During that time I have been trying hard to understand the Pakhtunist movement that has been founded in your country, but I am ashamed to say that I have not been able to come to any conclusion.

I find that long after we did, several other peoples and nations have rebelled against oppression. The African negroes have risen in rebellion, and the

Algerians rebelled against the French. They all started their rebellion and resistance long after we did, yet they achieved their aims long before we did. We have been struggling for eighteen years and until today we have not won. Why not? It is essential that all Pathans, whether in this country or elsewhere, give this question a serious thought, for we are all brothers. How was it possible for a small country like Algeria, that rose in rebellion long after we did, to be successful in such a short time? Think of the country they were fighting against—France. France is not just an ordinary country. Thousands of French people were living in Algeria. The whole country's agricultural produce, all commodities were in the hands of the French. But the Algerians rebelled and the French had to go.

We are struggling against Pakistan. Why have we not achieved our object yet? This is a serious question, which deserves serious consideration. My brothers! Look at other countries and other nations in the world, other races and other communities. You will find that when they rebel they have one common object, one common ideal. They believe in that ideal and they keep that ideal in view always. And another thing is that they are prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of that ideal; they are prepared to suffer and to bear any kind of hardship. I have watched and studied other nations and I know this is true of the Algerian people. And that is why they were successful. And I am telling you this—there is no need to go into long arguments—if you can develop this quality in yourselves you will also achieve your object.

Brothers! Please open your eyes and look at the world around you and at the nations of the world.

They are all soaring to the sky all over the world, yet we cannot even walk upon the earth. Why not? Are the Pakhtuns not a nation? Do they not have a country of their own? You are a well-bred, cultured race, a gentle and courteous people. God has given you a more beautiful and blessed country than He has given to any other nation. Then why is it that we are so backward, compared to other nations? We are a good and noble race, we have a country of our own.

Then why have we been left behind? Could it be that other nations are aware of their nationality, and have a sense of patriotism, and we have not? Think this over. Those people in other more progressive countries, those people who are now reaching out to the skies, are not different from us. They are men and women like you and I. They are nations like we are. Why is it that they have these sentiments of nationalism and patriotism, and we don't? It is because in those countries, among those nations, there are men and women who are ready to sacrifice everything, to give up their wealth, their life, their comfort, their cars and their beautiful homes for the sake of their people. Do we realize what a nation is? Do we know the meaning of the words: my race, my people? We say, my people are where I get my stomach filled, my nation is the one that is useful to me. And that is why among us we do not find that radiant blaze of love and sacrifice that we find in other more progressive countries.

Look at the farmers. We Pathans are all farmers and agriculturists. Right here in front of us there is a large college, where instruction is given every day. We are farmers. We plough the land, we dig furrows and we prepare the soil. Why? So that the seed may be sown. If the soil is not prepared, if the land is not

ploughed, you may sow the seed, but it will not bear fruit. If you want to reap the fruit, if you want an abundant harvest, you must sow the seed in well-prepared soil. You must also see that the seed you are going to sow is good seed, every grain must be alive and whole. But unless the seed is put into the earth and dies, it cannot sprout, and it will never bear fruit.

This is true of nations too. Unless there are people who are prepared to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their country and their people, that country will never become green and lively and it will never flourish. It is because we could not produce such people that our nation has remained backward.

Other people, not of our race, also live in this country. Oh Pathans! have you ever mixed with the Russians? Have you ever made friends with Englishmen? Have you ever spoken to an American or invited a German to your house? The trouble with you is that you are too easily influenced and that you listen to the wrong people.

Some 1400 years ago our Holy Prophet spoke these words: "Oh Muslims! Oh all ye believers! If you love money more than you love your country, your people, your brothers or your children, you will be disgraced in this world and brought to shame in the next." These words are in the Holy Koran, they are not my words. I cannot understand you, Pathans! Don't you see, if these people are giving you money, it is the money they have stolen from your fathers. It is your own money. And, remember, they have themselves eaten all the meat and now they are throwing the bones at your feet. And you quarrel over these miserable bones. I want to say this over and over again. Oh Pathans! You have proved that you can stand with

head erect in the face of any danger. You can bare your breast and face gunfire, you do not fear imprisonment, you are not afraid of bombs, you can hold your own against anybody, but you cannot resist money.

People and nations that could not resist money became greedy after gold, have always fallen into decline, and neither the people as individuals, nor the country as a whole could ever make progress. That is why I am telling you, and please put this into your heads, my dear native brothers, that if anyone offers you any money, he is only offering you your own money back. And if you make this country your own, and yours alone, the money will again be yours and your children and grandchildren will be free from want. I want all Pakhtuns everywhere to give this question their full attention.

Finally, I want to say this: There are people in our country who make special point of telling everybody that Pakistan is a Muslim country and that Ayub Khan is a Pakhtun. And they also say that the Pathans now have their own kingdom. Another thing they say is that the Pakistan government is Islamic and that it has been newly established. Why do we run after these people? Why do we bother them?

However, I do not want to waste time discussing them, because I know very well what kind of people they are. The people who are saying all these things are people who have been given either permits or money. But, oh my dear people! I also say that Pakistan is a Muslim country, I have never denied that. The Pakistanis are Muslims and they are our brothers. But the question is this: who has given our country its freedom? Who drove out the British and who created Pakistan? Occasionally the Muslim Leaguers

say that they have created Pakistan. I ask them whether they ever fought the British? They were the friends of the British, remember?

It was we who drove out the British. Would Pakistan ever have come into being if the British had not left? Pakistan was created with our blood, we made Pakistan. But the funny thing is that they came to tea and stayed for dinner, or rather took over the house completely, as it were. We do not want anything from our Pakistani Muslim brothers, only our rights. And Pakistan is not giving us our rights. I ask you, is this an Islamic tradition? If your brother says: "Give me my rights," does Islam tell you to refuse? I admit that Ayub Khan is a Pakhtun. I can also tell you that he treats me with kindness and respect and even calls me Uncle. But it is a pity that he has fallen into the hands of people who want to suppress the rights of the Pakhtuns and who are bent on crushing and destroying the Pathans. I am always telling people: "Please go and tell Ayub Khan that he cannot make the aliens his own people, but he can very well make his own people alien, that he has in fact already done so."

The Pathans now have their own kingdom, it is said. Have you noticed who are giving their lives in the Rann of Kutch at the moment? Pakhtuns! Have you noticed who are dying in Kashmir? Pakhtuns! And another thing: they have taken Pathans to Bajaur to fight other Pathans.

In Waziristan, in Baluchistan, in fact all along the Indo-Pakistani border where there are so-called trouble spots, Pakhtuns have been posted. But when it comes to the point of giving the Pathans their rights, nobody does anything about it. Go and see for yourselves, go and take a look at our armies. All our great and loyal

generals have been dismissed. Look at the civil services. In the civil service of our province, the commissioners were all Pathans. Why were they all sent away out of the province from the very beginning? Today all the political agents, the commissioners and deputy commissioners are Punjabis. There are no Pakhtun civil servants in a Pakhtun country. The Pakistan government today has no confidence in the Pathans. Is it not an insult to the Pathans that they are working for a government that has no confidence in them?

I would like you to go and visit our schools, our high schools, our universities, and see what is happening there, what is happening to the children, what is the financial position?

When I look at all this I am astounded and I cannot understand how people can say that the Pathans have their own kingdom now. What kind of a Pathan kingdom is this where the government does not trust the Pathans and the Pathans are not being given their rights?

Ayub Khan is a Pathan, it is said, and Pakistan is a Muslim country, an Islamic country. Oh Pathans, when will you wake up? Unless you yourself change all these things, unless you yourself put right all these wrongs, you are doomed. It is up to you to listen to me or not. I am only your servant. I do not ask for gifts or oblations. You are my own people, we belong to the same family. If I serve you I do so in the name of God. It is to your advantage to listen to me, and to follow my advice, not mine. If you do not want to follow my advice, it will be your loss.

I have told you before and I am telling you again: I do not wish to be your leader, now or ever. I do not wish to be your master or your guide. I only want to

be your servant and be of service to you. And I am not only your servant but the servant of all humanity, of all God's creatures.

I want you all to give serious thought and consideration to what I have said to you today. Try to understand what kind of Islam this is and try to recognise Ayub Khan for what he is. Think about this so-called Pathan kingdom. I have already stated that Pakistan was created with our blood. We have driven out the British. Do you think that we will now be disloyal to that country, that we will deceive her? Why do you think we have endured all these difficulties and hardships? Only for the sake of the Pakhtuns and the Pakhtun country. It is not we, it is other people who want to destroy Pakistan. After all, you are intelligent enough to understand that if there is one black sheep in the family who does not want to give his brothers their rights, the whole family relationship is spoilt. The truth is that those who want to destroy Pakistan are members of their own family. But they put the blame on us.

There is one more thing I want to tell you. The Paktyas (a tribe in Afghanistan) are real Pakhtuns and very nice people. When I visited their district I was told the same thing at every meeting: "We are ready!" I told them and I repeat it now for your benefit: I will never plunge you into war, and I will never tell you to fight. I have only come to tell you this: "Oh Pathans! Your house has fallen into ruin. Arise and rebuild it. And remember to what race you belong. Read the history of your fathers and grandfathers and study their deeds. They have always kept their flag flying, at home and abroad. Who was Shershah? He was a Pathan. He was born in this

country. He took the Pathan flag to Bengal. Who was Mirwas Khan? He was your own brother and friend, a Pakhtun. He planted his flag in Ispahan. Who was Ahmed Shah? He too was a Pakhtun.

What is it to you that your fathers and grandfathers won so many victories. Does it profit you? This is all past history, brothers. Your task now is to put your own house in order, to rebuild your own country. Will you allow Punjab to swallow up your country? But because there is discord and hypocrisy in your ranks, because there is enmity and rivalry, because you cling to bad habits and worn out traditions, you pay no attention to your country. You are far too busy fighting amongst yourselves. If you build up and reconstruct your country I assure you nobody will ever be able to take it away from you.

I will now conclude this lecture and ask one of my Paktya friends, who is with us here today, to say a few words.

The Paktya Pakhtun stood up and said:

“Oh Pakhtuns! This country is the mother of your nation. Your country is your mother. A stranger (Pakistan) came and he stepped on the hem of your mother’s garment. Are you going to tell him to take his foot away? Or are you going to leave your mother to him?”

SECOND SPEECH

Sisters and Brothers,

Before I begin my speech I want to thank His Majesty the King of Afghanistan, the Prime Minister and the government of Afghanistan, for so kindly bringing us, the unfortunate Pakhtuns, together today and for giving me the opportunity to say a few words to my sisters and brothers.

Sisters and Brothers! This world can be compared to the wheel over a well and the two buckets that hang from the rope that goes over the wheel. When the wheel is turned, one of the buckets goes down into the well and is filled with water, while the one that comes up remains empty. If you look at the nations of the world you may observe the same thing. If you study the history of your fathers and grandfathers, you will find that your ancestors made more progress and were more prosperous than other nations. When we were a

shining light of civilisation and culture, the countries of Europe were still as backward as we are today. They were steeped in poverty and involved in wars and feuds. If you can imagine the age your ancestors lived in, when other nations were still living in darkness while we were an enlightened people, you will get an idea of the condition we are in today. If there is any backward, uneducated nation in the world today it is ours.

If you think it over, you will see how and why we have become like that. First Alexander came and wrought havoc in our country. At that time we had schools and universities; Alexander destroyed most of them. Then came Chingiz Khan and he destroyed whatever had been overlooked by Alexander. Then came the Arabs, after the Arabs came the Moghuls, and finally the British.

The British are very clever and cunning, intelligent and crafty. All the desolation, all the destruction you see in the Pakhtun country and in the Pakhtun homes today was caused by the British. As soon as they set foot in our country, they cut it up into small pieces, thereby cutting up the nation. But finally the British rolled up their mats and went home, and now the way to prosperity, progress and happiness is once more open to us. That is why I am saying that our bucket is going down into the well again to be filled.

The world of today is full of patriotism, the buckets of the nations are being filled with brotherhood and love. I can see the awakening of patriotism, the spirit of nationalism in this poor, oppressed and misguided Pakhtun nation and that is why I am confident that, if not today then to morrow, our bucket will again be overflowing with prosperity and happiness. If you weigh up the nations of the world against each other

you will find that we do not lack in strength.

When I was in Jalalabad a university student came to see me and said :

“A German visitor told me that he had seen young people in Europe, in America, and in Afghanistan and that he found that God had bestowed more intelligence and wisdom on us than on any other nation in the world and he wondered how it was possible that we were still lagging behind?”

The student said that he had not been able to give the German visitor a satisfactory reply and he had come to me hoping that I would be able to answer that question.

I told this young man that this is the age of nationalism. A nation that practises patriotism, love for its country, brotherhood and fellowship, will prosper and make progress and be a happy nation. Among us these qualities are still lacking and that is why we are backward.

The student said: “Suppose the German asks me why we do not have these sentiments of fellowship and brotherhood, what shall I say?”

I told him: “The answer is that in other countries there are people who have sacrificed their own comfort and happiness, their lives and property for the sake of their country and their people. There are no such people in our country, and if by chance there are a few people like that somewhere, we call them infidels and Wahabis. (followers of Sheikh Wahab, a modern reformer in Islam.)” Or we call them Hindus. Well, take a look at me and see if I have become a Hindu? Who has the right to sit in judgment and pronounce me a Hindu? It was the British who called me a Hindu and since then nobody has been able to

make me a Muslim again.

Hunger and poverty had given our people, young and old, men and women, an inferiority complex. But now there is a new hope and confidence that we will be able to reach our destination. But we must start walking, and walking fast. If we do, we and our children shall prosper.

We have been insulted and disgraced by religion, but I will tell you this, and I want you to listen carefully. First of all, why do religions come into the world? To teach man to be human. Whenever man has forgotten to be human the Messenger has come and brought religion into the world again. The Messenger has always come to remind mankind of the lesson they had forgotten, the lesson of love for one's country and one's fellowmen, the lesson of service to humanity. The nation that practises love and brotherhood and self-sacrifice will rise to the skies. A nation that does not know these sentiments is doomed. Religion teaches man truth, justice and virtue, and it awakens in the man the desire to serve. What people call religion in the world today is not the religion of God and his Messengers. The Holy Prophet Mohammed came into this world and he taught us an excellent way of life.

He said, "That man is a Muslim, who never hurts anyone by word or deed, but who works for the benefit and happiness of God's creatures."

He also said, "Belief in God is to love one's fellowmen."

"I will tell you this, my brothers, and you may find it strange. If, as they say, I have become a Hindu, it is because of this love, and because my heart is filled with love for my country and my people, and for God and humanity. I will tell you something else; one day in

Jalalabad I met a lady who began to talk to me about our country and our nation. She said to me:

"I am prepared to sacrifice myself for the sake of God and my people, and if I had to give my life I would be proud to die a martyr for my country."

"When she had left some 'holier-than-thou' know-alls told me that she was a 'kafir'. But the Holy Prophet clearly tells us that Faith is to love one's country and one's people. I am asking you: in whose heart was this love to be found, in the woman's heart or in the hearts of those know-alls?

"I am telling you this because there are people like that among us even today, enemies of our country and our people, who will not leave the Pathans alone and who want to deceive us in the name of religion. Lord Jesus told his followers: 'If anyone smite you on the right cheek turn to him the other also.' And look what his followers are doing. In India they have destroyed people by the thousands. Who started all this destructive hatred and all the strife and struggle? Look at Palestine! What are the Christians doing there? And look at Vietnam! What do the Americans want there? Why do they send their armies there? The Americans are Christians, but do they act like Christians? That is why I said that what people call religion in the world today is not the religion of God and His Messengers. This is not the religion of love, truth and service to humanity that God's Messengers brought to the world. In Pakistan today the cry is 'Islam, Islam! Peace! Peace!!' Look at their deeds. Can I go to the Pakistani public and say: 'Tell me, my Pakistani brothers, for what terrible crimes the Pakhtuns in Bajaur were bombed? Tell me why women and children and old people had to die? Is

this Islam? Tell me why our Baluchi brothers are being bombed? What is their offence? Are we not Muslims? Does Islam tell you not to give people their rights?"

"If a father has five sons and four of them stand up against the eldest and demand his rightful inheritance, would you call this Islam? There is a Pakistani agent here. He speaks very sweetly and says: "But surely, Bacha Khan, Pakistan is also a Muslim country, isn't it?"

"I tell him: "Who says Pakistan is not Muslim. Ayub Khan is our brother, isn't he? He is a Pakhtun. But does Islam teach us not to demand our rights? That is all we are doing. Islam teaches brotherhood. Just learn to accept us as your brothers, but don't make us your slaves, for we cannot endure that."

"Finally I would like to say a few words about Pakhtunistan. After eighteen years we still have not achieved our goal. Why not? Because we do not look upon Pakhtunistan as our own country. By the grace of God the Pakhtun bucket is filling up. The Pakhtuns have become aware of themselves, they have become patriotic. We are at last aware that this is our own country and we are determined to rebuild it. We have in our Pakistan a West Pakistani Governor called Amir Mohammed Khan. Somebody told him to give the Pakhtuns their rights. The Governor laughed and said:

"Is there any Pakhtun who cannot be bribed? What rights has a country whose leaders can be bought for money?"

I would like to advise the Governor Sahab to listen to what the world is saying.

What the Governor said about our tribal brothers putting all their trust in money may have been true in

the past, but it is no longer true now. I would advise the Governor to go and see the poor, helpless, bombed people in Bajaur. They did not take money for fighting for their country. I hope that like the proverbial melon which gets its color by looking at another melon, our brothers in Bajaur will influence other Pakhtuns.

You all know that I believe in the principles of non-violence. I am convinced that there will be no peace in the world till the problem of the Pakhtuns has been solved. I am telling both the Russians and the Americans the same thing: if they really want peace, they should solve the problem of the Pakhtuns.

What do we want? We keep on telling Pakistan to consider us their brothers and not to make us their slaves. We were never the slaves of the British and you should not expect us to be your slaves.

During the Indo-Pakistani war the newspapers began to write about me. A man from the Pakistan government came to see me and said:

"We hear you are going to India."

I said: "Can't you see I am still here? You are my brothers and I am casting hopeful glances at you. But if you will not treat us as your brothers, there is not much point in awaiting your pleasure, is there?"

"I am not going to India," I said, "you people are forcing me to go there. If you gave us our rights, I would not have to go to India."

I want to tell you this, because today Islam is being used to deceive people. That is why I am asking you, my Pakhtun brothers, to see that justice is done. We are drowning and I am asking my Muslim brothers: For God's sake stretch out your hand and save us. But they don't. Then I see a Hindu standing near the

river's edge and he is saying, "Here, I am stretching out my hand, take hold of it. I will save you from drowning. What would you say: "I'll take your hand," or "No, I would rather drown."

(People in the hall shouted: "Take his hand.")

My people are drowning before my eyes and to save them I shall grasp any helping hand, be it the hand of a Hindu or an infidel.

I want to tell the Muslims in Pakistan that my only desire is to solve this question in a spirit of brotherhood. Let us sit down together, brothers, and settle the issue.

I want to tell the Pakhtuns this: If you put your house in order, and if you develop in yourselves these qualities of love, brotherhood, friendship and patriotism, we shall be able to achieve our sacred purpose, without having to go to war.

In our *Jirga* a man got up and said in a loud voice, "All right Bacha Khan. And if Pakistan still does not give us our rights?"

I said, "Then you must do what you think is right."

THIRD SPEECH

Brothers and dear friends,

I want you to recollect the history of the Pathans. Every time misfortune befell on us, a great man was born in Afghanistan, a man who brought together again the scattered tribes of the Pathans, a man who gave them counsel and advice and organised them, a man who spread blessings and goodwill wherever he went, a man whom nothing on earth could stop.

You all know that at first we were the slaves of Iran. At that time Mirvas Khan was born. He brought the tribes together again and took all their troubles off their shoulders.

Ahmed Shah Baba, too, was born in Afghanistan. He also organised the Pakhtuns, and then he left Afghanistan and went to Delhi and kept his flag flying there. On his way back from Delhi he stopped at Jehelum, and he told his Pakhtun companions :

“Look, from here to the Amu River, and as far as Harat, is your country.”

My brothers, listen carefully and think. When the British came here they drew a demarcation line, and when they departed they left this country to their heirs. You cannot take possession of the country of your fathers and grandfathers. Jehelum is no longer yours. Thorkham has fallen from your hands. Why has this happened? I am here today to explain this to you.

Are we not the children of Mirvas and Ahmed Shah? How is it, that wherever they went they were able to plant their flag. And now strangers have come to your country and hoisted their own flag there. Why did this happen? I am here today to make you think about all this. Brothers, the reason is very simple. The reason is that we Pakhtuns no longer know love and brotherhood, that we no longer value counsel and advice. We have become selfish. That is why strangers are able to hoist their flag in our country.

I came to this country three years ago. I have been to every corner of Afghanistan and I have visited all the tribes. I was very happy to see that these people have become aware of themselves as a nation, and that the sentiments of brotherhood and fellowship have awakened in their hearts. And I hope that these feelings and that awareness will bring about a change in their lives one day.

Brothers, I have been addressing you as Pakhtuns all the time, but let nobody think that I consider only Pakhtuns as Pakhtuns. It is my belief and conviction that all the people who live in the country that stretches from River Jehelum to the River Amu and as far as Harat, are Afghans. They are all Pakhtuns and this country belongs to them all.

I would like you to take a look at the world around you. When I was in Europe, any Englishman whom I asked: "Who are you?" would reply: "I am an Englishman." A German would say: "I am a German." And I received the same reply from Russians and Americans. "I am a Russian." "I am an American." We have not yet been able to reach the same standard of prosperity that other countries in the world enjoy today. Why not? When I came to Afghanistan, I asked one man: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am a Hazari." Another man, when asked the same question, said: "I am a Turkman." Someone else said, "I am a Pakhtun." And this is why we are ruined. This kind of talk causes discord and weakens the nation. And those who indulge in this kind of talk, are not your friends, believe me. Take America. America has about one hundred and eighty million inhabitants and among them you will find English, French and Spanish people, African negroes, and people of many other nationalities. But every one of them, if you ask him, will tell you that he is an American. No one will say that he is an Englishman, or a German, or a Frenchman. They all call themselves Americans. Remember therefore that whatever country you were born in, you are now Afghans, and you should always call yourselves Afghans.

I will tell you another thing. All the nations of the world are taking enormous steps forward, but we are lagging behind. All the nations of the world have now conquered the skies, but we have not yet conquered our own soil. After all, why not? Are we not a nation? We are a strong and wonderful nation. God has given us a most beautiful country and He has bestowed great blessings upon us. Then why are we lagging behind?

I will tell you why.

Our Holy Prophet said: "O Muslims! If you have too much love for this world, not only will you lose this world, but you will be disgraced and put to shame in the next." These are not my words. The Holy Prophet taught you this 1400 years ago. But we did not heed his words, and now, if you look around, you will hardly find a more wretched and miserable nation than ours. This beautiful country does not even produce enough maize to fill our stomachs.

Do you remember your Islamic history? Do you remember what happened in the days just after Hazrat Omar had departed? And do you realize that the Muslims have forgotten all the teachings of the Holy Prophet? What is it in people's lives that is so important that it makes them forget the teachings of the Holy Prophet? I will tell you what it is. It is the greed for money, the lust for power. No nation that is greedy after money, and hungers after power will ever prosper in this world. And if we are poor and miserable today it is because of these two things.

Look at the history of the Muslims. What is the result of their thirst after wealth? The Muslims became class-conscious, party-conscious and the outcome was that feud raised its ugly head among them. The Muslims who had been taught by the Holy Prophet to love and cherish each other, now did the opposite, and fought and quarrelled amongst themselves. Thousands of Muslims lost their lives in family feuds and fights. They alienated themselves from the Holy Prophet's teachings of love and brotherhood. And I can see today that the Muslims are not trying to find the true spirit of their religion again.

There was a time when the world was shrouded in

darkness. Then, in Medina, the first glimmer of the light of democracy was seen. I know this democracy was confined to the town of Medina then. There was darkness everywhere in the world, but in Medina there was this light. If only the Muslims had cherished and protected this light, it would have illuminated their lives through the ages. But the Muslims did not protect the light, they neglected the enlightened teachings of the Prophet. And so the light went out. And until today the Muslims have not kindled it again. They have not tried to reach again that standard of democratic living that was taught them by the Prophet of God.

Look at Pakistan. And look at the Baluchis, the Sindhis, the Bengalis and the Punjabis. And then look at us Pakhtuns. Where is the democracy the British gave us? Ayub Khan robbed us of it. And what did he give us in return? He gave us his own version of democracy, which does not deserve the name of democracy. Can you imagine that these people have not yet realized this? That they cannot recognize what is Islam and what is not? That they do not even know the meaning of democracy? I am telling you, all this is the result of our witlessness and our lust for power. Please think this over. I could give you many examples from all over the world, but I will give you just one.

One general was born in Burma. His name is General Ne Win. He is a "kafir". Another General emerged in Pakistan. His name is Ayub Khan. He says: "I, too, have started a revolution!" Try to compare these two Generals and the revolutions they brought about. Revolution means complete change, does it not? It should mean improvement, going forward. Going backward is no revolution. Just compare the Ayub Khan revolution to the revolution the "kafir" brought

about. He gave his people real democracy. And our revolution? Ayub Khan's Muslim revolution? What did it do for us? I have told you repeatedly that he is our brother. But he even robbed us of the so-called democracy the British gave us. And it was not only our democracy he took away from us. Look at our financial position, look at our language, look at our culture and our society. He has taken it all. The list is not complete. Look at our schools, our colleges, the education and instruction of our children. And look at his manners. I am always surprised at these people who keep on telling us: "We are making such progress. Pakistan has a target and we are fast approaching it."

Actually there are quite a few jokes in circulation about that. I will tell you one. It goes like this:

A woman said to her husband, warmly embracing him: "Darling, I want a diamond nose-ornament!" The husband replied: "Actually I was considering how I could cut off your nose altogether."

All we are asking for is a nose ornament, it does not even have to be a diamond. But Pakistan is thinking how they can cut off our nose altogether.

I also wanted to talk to you about Ayub Khan's book. In this book that he has written he talks a lot about Afghanistan and the Prime Minister of Afghanistan has already given him a reply. He says that a referendum was held in Pakhtunistan and that the Pakhtuns voted in favour of Pakistan. This is altogether incorrect; I should say, this is a flagrant lie. The whole world knows that we Pakhtuns did not take part in that referendum. And I cannot for the life of me understand what is the use of raking up that old history now and writing a book about it. I always say: "Let bygones be bygones." But if you are so obstinate, my

dear brother, well, let us have another referendum and see what the Pakhtuns decide.

My dear, somewhat selfish and greedy brother also proclaims: Pakistan is also a Muslim country, isn't it? What do you want?

This is my reply: Who says Pakistan is not a Muslim country? I have never denied it, nor that the Pakistanis are our brothers. Please try to understand that all we are saying is: Yes, Pakistan is a Muslim country. Yes, Pakistan is Islamic. But Islam does not preach slavery, Islam preaches brotherhood and love. I have been drumming this into your ears for years. We are Pashtun Muslims and you are Muslims too. Islam means brotherhood, so why do you not treat us as brothers? But they want us to remain their slaves.

My Brothers! You may remember that when Martial Law had been declared in Pakistan, Mr. Khrushchev, the Prime Minister of Russia, came on a visit. In one of his speeches he talked about the Pakhtuns, which stirred up a lot of controversy in Pakistan. President Ayub Khan sent for me. When I saw him, I said: "I hope you are all right? Why did you want to see me?"

Ayub Khan replied: "Don't you know?"

I said: "No, I don't. What is the matter?"

He said. "Mr. Khrushchev has made a speech."

I said: "I know he did, "So What ? And what has it got to do with me ?"

He said: "You will have to refute that speech."

I laughed and said: "I will refute the speech if you give the Pakhtuns their rights. If you are not prepared to do that, why should I do anything about that speech?"

The Pakistan Minister of Foreign Affairs, Manzur

Qadir, also came to see me. He stayed and talked for four hours. First about democracy. He said, "Because here in Pakistan democracy did not work, we do not give people democracy any more."

I asked him, "Where was this democracy in the first place? You never had democracy, so how do you know whether it works or not? In India they have already had three or four elections. When did you last have elections in Pakistan? Did you ever? Have you ever asked the people what kind of government they want?"

I told Ayub Khan too, "We are five brothers here in Pakistan: the Punjabis, the Sindhis, the Bengalis, the Baluchis and the Pakhtuns. Some of us have our own homes and that is right and proper. In the Punjab the Punjabis are in authority, in Sindh the authorities are Sindhis, the Baluchis are master in their own home and so are the Bengalis. And so the Pakhtuns ought to be in authority in their own home too."

He replied, "Why do you call them separate homes?"

I said, "What shall I call them then?"

He said, "You can say that we all live in the same house."

I said, "All right. We all live in the same house. All I want to know is this: are you going to give me a room of my own or not?"

He said, "Certainly I'll give you a room of your own."

I said, "Fine! Accepted. But will I be the master of my own room, or will you be? I realize that we are partners. I know that we are brothers and that we all live in the same house. But, I want to know who will be the master in my part of the house, you or I?"

Brothers, I want to tell you plainly and frankly what we want from Pakistan. Listen! If the Pakhtuns

had not fought for this country and for this country's freedom, where would have Pakistan been? Pakistan was created with the blood of the Pakhtuns. It was a pity that the British were very annoyed with us when they finally left. They said, "There were a hundred million Muslims, and none of them rebelled against us except the Pakhtuns."

Our country was ablaze when the British left. But who had set it on fire on their behalf? Our own brothers for whom we had won Pakistan, and whom we had freed from British slavery. Is it not sad and ironical, that those who liberated the country, who made great sacrifices, who made prisons their homes, who shed their blood for the sake of their brothers, should now be contemptuously called "Hindus" by those who used to pick the crumbs from the British tables and who made their country and their people the slaves of the foreign rulers? I repeat that all we want is brotherhood. We are five brothers. Four have their own names, but we do not even have a name of our own. We want our own name.

I told Liaquat Ali the same thing when he asked me about Pakhtunistan in Parliament. I said, "Four of our five brothers have names of their own, but we don't. We can't call ourselves Punjabis, for we are not; no, we can't call ourselves Baluchis or Sindhis or Bengalis. Give us a name of our own."

But they cannot bear to think of us having a name. And they call themselves Muslims. We have never made war against Pakistan either. We are against war, we do not like war. Brothers, I want to impress upon you that there is one man, who does not want to make you his brother, he does not even want to call you by your real name, and you people are making propaganda for him.

I want you and the Pakistani leaders to take a look at the misery which our Baluchi brothers are living in. They have been asking and crying and shouting for their rights for the last twenty years. When nobody listened to them they had no choice but to take up arms. You all know what happened to them, the tyranny they had to suffer, the cruelties that were committed. Now Pakistan has found out that the question cannot be solved by cruelty and oppression, and these poor people are told: Come on, let us sit down together and settle our dispute. It did not take me long to find out that in the heart of Pakistan there is no room for any Baluchi or Sindhi or Bengali or Pakhtun. Therefore I want my Baluchi brothers to know that the Sindhis and the Pakhtuns are just as oppressed as they are, and that our aims and objects are the same. And I want to warn them not to be too credulous. They are now making efforts to settle us in homes of our own, but in such a way that it will only weaken us. They are trying it on the Baluchis now. Pakistan's real design will become clear if you look at Punjab. The Punjab leaders met and had discussions and consultations with their *Jirga*. They said, "Look at those Pakhtuns, they are all very rich. They have electricity, you know. Then they said; look at the Sindhis, they have so much land. About the Baluchis they said, they have in their country wealth of mineral resources and gas.

Brothers, all this is trickery and they are only saying these things because they want it all for themselves: the electricity of the Pathans, the land of the Sindhis and the minerals of the Baluchis. Then they have this idea of "one unit". Work it out for yourselves, is this in harmony with Islamic belief? Does Islam tell you to rob one brother of his electricity, another brother

of his fertile land, and take possession of the mines and minerals of another?

And you, ignorant and misguided Pathans, you do not even stop to think whether this is Islam or not, you just swallow anything you are told. I have asked Pakistan over and over again to settle our dispute in a spirit of brotherhood, an atmosphere of harmony and to come to a peaceful decision. And if the matter cannot be settled peacefully? Well, you all know that I believe in non-violence, that I hate violence and I shall always try to solve every question and settle every dispute peacefully. I am urging Pakistan to settle the question in a spirit of brotherhood and peace. I, for myself, only want a peaceful decision, but I can feel that the Pakhtuns are changing their minds from day to day, and I hope and pray that they will not take up arms one day. Pakistan should also realize that, while at first this was only the men's affair, today our women are standing shoulder to shoulder with us, as fully prepared as the men. A girl here told me: "If your men are not successful, Fakhre-Afghan, we girls will bring victory to your country."

We need not mince our words; you, young men have not been able to achieve your object. So now the girls want to see if they can do better. That is why I am telling Pakistan not to force the Pakhtuns' hand, for, like the Baluchis, they might resort to their rifles. And that would change the whole character of the problem. And the responsibility would be entirely Pakistan's.

Pakistan has also spread a rumour, here and in Pakhtunistan, that I am going to India. I can tell you now that when the war between India and Pakistan started, this was front-page news in both Indian and

Pakistani papers. I want to tell you that there is not a word of truth in this rumour. An official from the Pakistan Embassy came to see me and said :

“Badshah Khan, we hear that you are going to India.”

I said : “But I am here. I have not yet been to India or anywhere else for that matter. Not that anybody is stopping me. I just did not go. And I have no desire to go there now either. I am staying here, waiting for you people to give me my rights. If you want me to go to India, it will be your wish, not mine. If I go to India at all, it will only be because you are not giving me my rights. For the sake of Pakhtunistan I will even go round with a beggar’s bowl, go to every country in the world and ask for alms. You are telling me not to go to India. Well, give me my rights. I am not demanding this from a stranger, after all. How long will I have to kneel down at your feet and raise my eyes in supplication? ”

You must try to recognise those who spread rumours like that for what they are. I assure you, they are no friends of yours. They are not your well-wishers.

You will remember that last year, too, I made a speech on this occasion, and I came to know what was in your minds. You are my nation, my brothers, my own kith and kin, my dear ones. I told you that you could not see what I foresaw : that a flood was coming and that the Pakhtuns might be swept away in it.

A Muslim is standing by the edge of the water and I say : “Hey, my Muslim brother, please give me your hand.”

He says : “No, I won’t.”

A little further on a Hindu is standing by the edge of the water.

I say: "Hey, my Hindu brother, please give me your hand."

He says: "Here you are. Do take my hand."

I am asking you, shall I take the Hindu's hand or not? Brothers, I am asking you this question again, because you are saying that the Muslims are your brothers after all, and that Ayub Khan is also your brother, a Pakhtun even. Does he offer me his hand? And if he does not even offer me his hand, well, I am telling you, I shall rise and go round the world and I shall put my hand in whatever hand is willing to help me, even if it is the hand of a scarlet infidel.

We are being swept away by the flood and if no Muslim stretches forth his hand to save us, should I not grasp the Hindu's hand? I also want to tell you this. If I have to wander round, poor, helpless and distressed, it is only for your sake. I want you to promise me that you will never let anybody deceive you in the name of Islam. I repeat, I shall always first ask the Muslims to stretch out their hands and save us, but if they refuse I cannot just sit down and say Ah well. I have to go on, I have to take a step forward. I am telling you, I shall grasp anybody's hand in order to save you from the flood. I am telling you this so that you will never again be cheated in the name of Islam, like you have been cheated all your lives. I am telling you and the Americans, that if they really want peace in this country, you must tell those who are ready to start a fire, to settle the question, lest there be an atomic war. And I am telling China, Pakistan is very much in danger by you, you might persuade it to settle the question before the fire engulfs your neighbour.

